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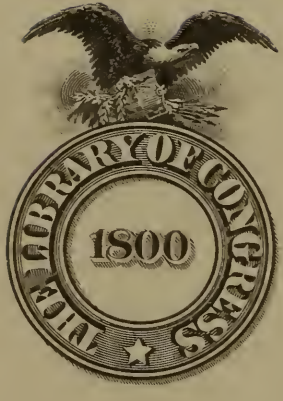
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Mike Donovan

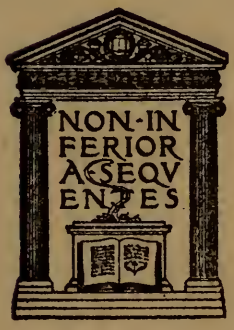
MIKE DONOVAN

THE MAKING OF A MAN

BY

MARSHALL STILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED



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TO THE READER

THIS work is written as an affectionate tribute to one who has come up out of brutal associations and who rejoiced in that he was surrounded by children of whom he was proud and by friends whom he loved.

The author hopes that in the lack of minute detail in certain of the Professor's fights the reader will not be unduly disappointed. Those who have seen prize-ring bare-knuckle contests can fill in the lapses and those who have not been at the ring side are saved the knowledge that man descends to such brutality.

To the innate integrity of Mike Donovan's character and to the fortunate occurrence that he married early in life a woman of sterling worth who always retained his utmost respect and strongest love, is due the fact that he is alive, well and enjoying good health and life to-day.

A FOREWORD

"Some as good citizens as I know are or were prize-fighters. Take Mike Donovan of New York. He and his family represent a type of American citizenship of which we have a right to be proud. Mike is a devoted temperance man and can be relied upon for every movement in the interest of good citizenship. I was first intimately thrown with him when I was Police Commissioner. One evening he and I—both in dress suits—attended a temperance meeting of Catholic Societies. It culminated in a lively set-to between myself and a Tammany Senator who was a very good fellow, but whose ideas of temperance differed radically from mine and as the event proved, from those of the majority of the meeting. Mike evidently regarded himself as my backer—he was sitting on the platform beside me —and I think felt as pleased and interested as if the set-to had been physical instead of merely verbal.

"Afterwards I grew to know him well both while I was Governor and while I was President and many a time he came on and boxed with me."

From the Autobiography of Theodore Roosevelt.

* * * * * *

INTRODUCTION

Good old Mike is gone. In the twilight of life he has passed on. Seventy years young was Mike. None thought of him as old. He was young and, in vigor of manhood, he vied with the youngest of us who loved him. His heart was as fresh and simple as a child's. He came into this world under the most humble, plain, yes, rough conditions, and he rose to be the honored friend of the cultured and refined.

Mike was a patrician by birth. Through his veins ran the blood of Ireland's chieftains. He seldom mentioned that his descent could be traced throughout many centuries. Before he was eight years of age his beloved mother died.

From then on to the time of his marriage Mike wandered over the United States working in all sorts of places and under any conditions. He enlisted when a mere boy in the army and served throughout the war. To hear him tell of the experiences of his early life was a treat. In the old New York Athletic Club house many a pleasant evening was spent in Mike's boxing quarters listening to the interesting tales of his early career. His many fights with the bare knuckles and later on

with the gloves were told in Mike's inimitable way and great was the pleasure he gave to his large circle of friends as they fought the old battles over again with the champion middle weight bare knuckle fighter of America. Mike never was defeated either with the gloves or in any of his bare knuckle fights. He retired an undefeated champion.

From the day Mike came to the club to the day he passed on he was an integral part of the institution. His jovial companionship when with us cheered and encouraged us and the memory of the good old friend who has gone will ever be bright in our hearts. Our lives are indeed the richer for his good influence. Many a kindly word of counsel has been given from his store of worldly wisdom and it has helped.

Mike was a great soul. For "Great souls are not those which have fewer passions and more virtue than common ones, but those only which have greater aims." (La Rochefoucauld.) His aim was always high. He lived his religion of purity and brotherly love. Fearless and tireless for those things he considered the right he walked his path of life in simplicity and guilelessness beloved by us all.

Never will be forgotten the evening of November 14, 1914, when the members of the club gave a testimonial in the form of a boxing entertainment to the dear old Professor. The wonderful spirit

of affection which brought all together at the passing of Mike Donovan from his active career in the organization, impelled each to put forward his best. The committee felt the incentive; the gathering entered with keen enjoyment into the spirit; and the boxers, many of whom came from long distances to participate, were carried away by the surcharged atmosphere. Several of the bouts which were supposed to be friendly exhibitions turned into battles of the first water. Blows were given and received with good nature but with great vigor. They had the businesslike kick behind them.

Tommy Ryan, the ex-welterweight champion, who had retired ages ago, and Harry Stone, the then present champion, went at it hammer and tongs. As we looked at Gunboat Smith and Battling Levinsky, we could see no difference in the power of their blows had they been contesting for the light heavyweight championship. The whole spirit of the evening was one of enthusiasm and determination to make the passing of dear old Mike into private life a memorable occasion. To make it an event that he would be proud to look back upon and ever recall with joy. It comes to few of us to be beloved in the manner with which we look upon our good friend who has passed on to the great majority. But we reap that which we sow. Our Mike sowed deeds of kindness and affection, and he has reaped a rich harvest.

Prof. Mike Donovan was a credit to the sport

of boxing. To him can be conceded the place of honor as the greatest teacher the game has ever known. He was fired with enthusiasm and imparted that spirit to his pupils. He was a two-handed fighter himself and a hard hitter; those qualities were made those of his students. To sit on the side-lines in the boxing room and watch the Professor on his busy days, was a liberal education in the art of hit, stop and get-away. He was as quick as a cat and never lost his keen sense of orientation. Many men, in fact the great majority, in early life lose their ability to coördinate brain and muscle and consequently suffer many accidents which could be avoided if that sense were preserved. The Professor knew boxing could perform that service for men and advised its universal practice.

Wherever Mike went he was known. He was as well and favorably known and admired in Newport or Southampton as in Coney Island or Greenpoint. He belonged to all sections and counted his friends in all grades of life. Statesmen and politicians, clergy and laity, were proud to call him friend. To hear him relate his experiences when Colonel Roosevelt was President was indeed amusing. Several times he journeyed to Washington to exchange blows with the hard-hitting ex-President. One evening there was to be a large reception to the army and navy. Mike was asked by the President to remain over and enjoy the event.

"I haven't any 'wedding garment,'" replied Mike.

"You must stay, Mike," enthusiastically urged the President. "If one of mine would fit you I would let you have it, but you can hire one in town and nobody will know the difference."

So the Professor was induced to stay and appeared that evening in the line arrayed in all his hired glory. His astonishment could hardly be imagined when he was ushered out of the line by one of the functionaries and taken to the front of the procession and presented to the President ahead of the venerable Admirals and celebrities of the diplomatic corps. Grabbing the professor by the hand the President drew him over to him and whispered in his ear:

"Glad to see you, Mike. You look bully."

Mike was very glad he remained over, for he enjoyed himself immensely. And as he walked around that room, chatting with personages of high distinction, we can well imagine his noble head was carried as proudly and becomingly and as handsomely as any within the four walls of the White House. Our Mike was equal to any environment be it that of the home of culture, or of state, or of more modest and plain surroundings. And he drew all to him. His respectful, dignified and attractive bearing was pleasing to the most exacting in refinement. Mike was a spiritual force. He reacted on his hearers in a manner they could not resist. Mike

saw good in every one, because he was pure of heart. He saw God, for "the pure in heart see God." Grant that we may all be worthy to follow in his footsteps and some day meet with him again.

THE MANLY ART

The world is comprised of people who see life from many points of view.

The life of a professional pugilist, as a rule, has in it but little to be praised; to some the thought of prize-fighting or even boxing is abhorrent, but to the athletic, energetic youth, boxing or even a little blood letting is often beneficial.

Prize-fighting per se cannot be recommended. However, many men of culture and refinement have seen much to enjoy in the wonderful dexterity, the marvelous science of an expert boxer pitted against a slugging, rushing opponent.

An exhibition given by a master of the art of self-defense revealing astonishing coördination of brain and muscle is most fascinating to those who know.

In the heat of the contest blows which apparently are severe are really but little felt. A man in good condition and with mind intent on victory knows no pain.

The boxer who suffers is he who has mentally conceded defeat and who winces under every attack. Such men should be taken from the contest at once.

An experienced referee can always tell when the heart has gone. Then blows hurt. Then it is brutal to continue.

Another feature of boxing matches is the mental state of the spectators.

Unthinking men resolve all contests to a fight. The more gore the better the fight. That is merely the distorted view of brutal thinking. So can dancing be debased. So can art be debauched. So can the sight of a beautiful woman be made the occasion for sin. It is all in the angle from which we look.

Mike Donovan, boxing instructor emeritus of the New York Athletic Club, embodied all that is best in the manly art. His life can be read by the refined and cultured as well as by others, and profit may be gained. The youth can learn the advantage of a stout heart and active body. Mike's life was rich in kindness of heart, generosity of nature, and high ideals maintained under adverse circumstances, and nurtured and encouraged by his beloved wife.

Living in most unpropitious environment the golden thread of an honest, sturdy and noble heart can be seen interwoven with threads of a darker hue.

From the nature, in his early youth, of an Arab—his hand against every man and every man's hand against him—he evolved gradually into the Philistine and then his later years were ones of soberness, gentleness and peace.

The Professor heartily agreed with Maeterlinck, the Belgian writer and philosopher, who is reported as saying:

"Boxing is not degrading. It is the discipline of violence. It is violence civilized by conventions that are almost courtesies. The Boxer is not a rowdy. He is confident in his knowledge. Combative instincts are an integral part of our nature. They who lack them, lack mental energy."

The Professor rightly contended that every human being should know the art of self-defense with the weapons nature has given him. When one becomes expert in boxing and cares for that form of exercise, he will find it a most delightful pastime; freeing the mind from gloomy thoughts, relieving the tension of the nerves; strengthening the muscles; helping circulation and aiding all the functions of the vital organs.

No more delightful pastime in athletics can be imagined than the good-natured bout with the gloves.

The manly art of self-defense must not be misconstrued into the idea that it is the unmanly art of making oneself offensive.

Kind words and a kindly thought are often more effective than fists or weapons and when trouble arises should always be first employed.

MIKE DONOVAN

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

HERE are the incidents of Mike Donovan's remarkable career and his reminiscences of many well-known men. Written by his friend and admirer Marshall Stillman, as an affectionate tribute to a dear friend and talented instructor in the manly art of self-defense. He considers Mike Donovan one of the most exceptional and interesting characters he has ever met.

Mike Donovan was made Instructor Emeritus of the New York Athletic Club. The Board of Governors generously and affectionately voted him a sufficient stipend to keep him in comfort during his last days.

His wife, who was so great an influence for good, was the beloved mother of twelve children, of whom nine are living. They were well brought up and are now succeeding in life.

Recently Mrs. Donovan passed on, but she still lives in the hearts of those that knew her.

The Professor was surrounded with a devoted family that loved him. Mark the contrast between his late life and the sad conditions of his early youth. What must strike the reader most forcibly is the wonder of it all. Wonder that such a character could spring from such adverse conditions and influences.

The evening Mike and I selected for the telling of his tale, he met me at my downtown club where we could talk without fear of interruption.

Before he arrived I cautioned the hall boy to be sure Prof. Donovan was escorted to the room where I was and to take good care of him.

"Yes, sir," came the ready answer. "We'll take care of him. We want to see what kind of a man he looks like."

As a reward for the boys, when the Professor was announced, I came down to meet him and introduced all the attendants who had crowded near the door.

Mike shook hands with them all and said: "Well, boys, here I am, you don't see much." A good laugh followed and the broad smile of welcome that greeted the Professor was assurance of his immediately filling the bill of their expectations. With quick Irish sagacity he said, looking them all over: "Yes, all good Irish boys. Nothing like the Irish boys." This sally evidently confirmed the cordial admiration and all was well.

As Mike sat in an easy chair in a cozy corner of

the club library, running over the history of his life, the thought occurred to me time and again what a miracle it was that he should be there with me; comfortable, happy and prospered; wasting no time in regrets for the past and facing the future with a brave Irish heart that has never been conquered by fear. A noble exponent of all that is manly, clean and Christian. A devout Roman Catholic. A firm believer in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man. A Christian of the highest type.

Yes, I wondered; and you too, good reader, will also wonder, when you learn of the incidents of this remarkable career. If perchance you have no God you will feel a stirring within yourself, a heart's desire to know and be known to some power outside yourself that will give you comfort in your hours of trial and protection in your moments of need.

Mike's faith was that of a little child, sweet and simple and full of the joy of living and knowing. Mike's good mother established this faith within him that through the changes of his life never seemed to desert him. Although at times in touch with the rubbish of humanity this jewel of a simple child-faith in God ever showed forth in his manly character and protected him in his moments of peril.

Through the leading of this protecting Guide, he selected the life partner of his joys and trials, taking as his beloved wife one who in her sweet

and strong motherly way was as extraordinary a woman as he a man.

Mike lighted a cigar and with his finely formed head moving at times in emphasis to his remarks, he commenced his reminiscence. I wish every good reader of these articles could have heard the tale from his own lips; as my retelling of this history could not possibly interest the reader as much as would the engaging manner of this grand old man. He said very simply and earnestly, "Now, Marshall, I will, of course, pass over the dark spots. I cannot tell them in the presence of this young lady" (referring to the stenographer). The stenographer and I laughed. "Well," I said, "if they are not too dark let 'em go. We want everything of interest." "All right," said Mike, "here goes."

"I was born in Chicago, September 27th, 1847, of Irish parentage. My grandparents were among the earliest settlers of Chicago.

"My mother was a lovely woman, beautiful and with a skin as fair and soft as a lily. We kept a dairy, and were in a fair way of becoming rich, owing to the good management and frugality of my mother. Then she died.

"I was about seven years of age. My father, who did not understand the nature of a lively but good-tempered boy, treated me wretchedly, and as my brothers and sisters, who were all older than I, left the house as soon after my mother's death as they possibly could, I was left alone with my father.

He at last left me, after selling all his holdings, and wandered away to New Orleans, leaving me in the care of an aunt who lived in the country.

"My aunt was a fine type of woman: religious, and a good woman. She treated me all right, but my uncle and I couldn't get along. He didn't understand me. I suppose I was mischievous and bothered him. Anyway, we didn't agree, and I made up my mind to run away. I was then eight years of age, without a cent in the world, so I started to work for strangers. I was ill treated by these people, and went from one place to another, working on farms during harvest time and being expected to do a man's work.

"I remember at one place I had seven boils on my back, and, oh, how they did pain me and how I did want my mother to comfort me and take care of me. I tell you, it makes me feel like crying to think of it. To imagine one of my dear children thrown out in the world the way I was and subjected to the sorrows and sufferings that I had to endure makes me feel very sad.

"The wife of the farmer for whom I was working was a kind woman. She put cream over my back and laid a cloth next my skin. But I had to go to work with the men every day and pitch hay, and do just as they did.

"After the harvest time was over, I decided to hunt up my only brother, Jerry, who was in Chi-

cago. He was ten years older than I and always liked me and I liked him.

"I was some fifty miles from Chicago without a cent in my pocket, as all I got out of the farmers for whom I worked was my board and washing, and the boils on my back, which were the result of the poor food. How to get to Chicago was the question. I thought of the canal. My former experience of beating it on the railroad when I first ran away rather cooled my desire to tackle that again.

"Oh, yes. I forgot to tell you about the first time I ran away from my aunt's where my father left me.

"I wanted to go to Chicago to find my brother Jerry, and went down to the railroad and got aboard a train going in the wrong direction. Poor little kid, only eight years of age, and without a penny in the world.

"The conductor put me off at the next station. I waited for hours for another train, boarded it, and was again put off at the next station. But I was happy. I felt all the time I was getting nearer my brother Jerry.

"Then I tackled a freight train, and, sneaking between the cars, I rode on the bumpers for miles and miles. Just think of it—only eight years of age and riding in a place like that. The good Lord took care of me or I would never be here to tell you this tale."

["Yes," I thought, "the Good Lord was surely your protector and the spirit of that good mother was over that boy and doing her utmost." The passage from Scripture occurred to me: "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers." The heart's desire, which is true prayer, was always pure and strong in Mike's nature. He couldn't help it. His nature was so simple and unaffected, with a keen sense of honor, fair dealing both for himself and to others, and cleanliness of thought, he couldn't possibly desire anything but what was good. The pure in heart see God, and Mike was pure in heart.]

Mike lit a fresh cigar and continued his story:

"Well, after traveling all those miles on that freight train, I finally landed about five miles from my aunt's home, where I originally started. I was no nearer my brother Jerry. You see how ignorant and helpless I was. I didn't know which way was north or south. I felt blue but not discouraged. "You know, it's hard to down the Irish." [The stenographer being Irish, and there being Irish blood in my veins, we all three laughed heartily and agreed. The laugh was not so much occasioned by the statement as the delightfully refreshing manner of putting it.]

"I set to work," continued Mike, "to scheme how I could beat my way to Chicago. I thought of the canal. I went there and hung around thinking up some plan to help me on my way.

"I saw a pair of horses being driven into a stable by one of the canal men, and, noticing they were all covered with mud, I said to the man, 'Say, Mister, I want to go to Chicago, and if I clean your horses will you take me as far as you go?'

" 'Sure,' said the driver. 'Git on the job and I'll see you git there all right.'

"Gee, but I felt good about that. I started right in, and how I worked on those horses. It took me two hours of hardest kind of work to get them into shape, but after emptying the last pail of dirty water, I felt fine and hunted up my newly found friend.

"I asked a man who was around the stable where I could find the driver of that team I had been cleaning, saying that he was going to take me to Chicago. 'Say, sonny,' replied the man, 'don't you believe it. That man can't take you. He is nothing but the driver of that team and could only take you walking. He's been asleep for the last couple of hours that you've been workin', and if you don't git out of here he'll give you a licking when he comes down.'

"You can imagine how I felt. Cry? Oh, my, how I cried! But I was too proud to cry in front of him. I went away and got behind the barn and, leaning up against the side, I cried as if my heart would break.

"Well, I had to get to Chicago, so, after drying my eyes, I started to walk. I didn't know how far

it was, but I thought it would take me a lifetime to make the distance. So when I met with a canal boat going the same way, I asked the boss of the boat—this time I made sure he was the boss—if I could do anything for him, as I wanted to get to Chicago.

" 'Can you pump?'

" 'Sure.'

" 'Come on then, kid.'

"I jumped aboard, and how I did pump! It was a leaky old boat, and about as fast as I pumped, the water ran in. After pumping an awfully long time, I said:

" 'Say, Mister, I'm tired. This old boat is just as full of water as when I commenced. I can't pump any more.'

" 'Well, then, get the hell out of this!'

"That was all the thanks I got. So, as I noticed I could walk faster than the boat could go, I started to beat it to Chicago. It must have been at least forty miles that I walked.

"On my way I begged something to eat. I remember one old woman was very kind to me. She gave me my dinner and let me sleep with one of her sons.

"In the morning she gave me a bully breakfast of ham and eggs and coffee, and, by golly! I felt fine.

"I walked that day with a light heart, and, on arriving at Chicago, I hunted up a sporting house

where a friend of my brother's told me I would find him. Pat McBride was his name. I remember him well.

"Jerry was very much surprised to see me. He was kind to me and took good care of me, but shortly afterwards he was compelled to go to New Orleans."

* * * * * *

That finished the first evening's installment of the story.

As we left the Club we received a cheery good-night from all the attendants, and I could easily see that in the future I would be considered one of the distinguished members.

CHAPTER II

IN SCHOOL AND ARMY

On the occasion of the next meeting the Professor remarked to me, "Why, the more I think over my life, the more I can see it was nothing but fight, fight all the way through. It seems as if I fought with everybody."

"Well, Mike," said I, "you are making yourself to appear a pretty quarrelsome character. You never fought with me."

"Oh, well, no; I don't mean I fought with my friends. Of course I wouldn't fight with them."

Wouldn't fight with them, thought I? I just guess you wouldn't. Bless your dear old loyal heart. And the remembrance of a certain incident in good old Mike's acquaintance with me came clearly to my mind.

It must have been some twenty years ago. We had known each other and been friends for about ten years. I was attending a testimonial given Mike in the Madison Square Garden. It was during the time when it was the custom to give exhibitions for the benefit of a few prominent fighting men of that period.

The Garden was well filled. Many boxers of more or less renown appeared and sparred three-round bouts with their partners..

Billy Edwards sparred with Mike. It was a good go, as Billy never faked in a match. He always hit hard and was very fast. Being lighter than Mike, the Professor was compelled to step lively, as he couldn't get back at Billy too hard.

It was an enjoyable evening. After it was over, and many friends in the audience had met and shaken hands—most men attending sporting events in those days seemed to know one another—I lingered in the thinning crowd, thinking I might get an opportunity to congratulate Mike.

As I stood waiting, chatting with some acquaintance, Denny Butler, Mike's brother-in-law, rushed up to me and said: "You are just the man. Come with me. We're having trouble with Mike. We can't do anything with him."

It seems that Mike, who was always so full of life and energy, had been given a drink or two, and while under the least influence of alcohol, could never retain his mental poise. Mike was in a pretty ugly mood, owing to the fact that he felt that the tough crowd in his dressing room was trying to get the money that had been given to him as receipts for the night's entertainment.

When I came into the room, there was Mike, with his back to the wall, fire in his eye, fists ready to strike, and, withal, rather a terrifying spectacle.

The crowd in front of him seemed in no mood to retreat, and it is just likely Mike's suspicions were properly grounded.

As I approached, he lowered his guard and said: "Marshall, these men want to take me away with them. I know what they want to do. They want to rob me."

I said: "Mike, you come with me. I'll take you home all right."

"I'll go with you, my boy, but not with these dirty loafers."

So, with my arm affectionately placed in his arm, we pushed our way through the crowd, and, taking a cab, reached his house in good shape.

Mike always trusted his friends, but was suspicious of untried acquaintances.

And who could blame him? It seems to me that if my early life were comprised of similar experiences to those he had passed through, I, too, would have been suspicious, and even more so.

After the Professor had taken his easy chair, and lighted his cigar, he again started his most fascinating tale.

"Let me see. Where did I leave off?" The promptings being given him from the notes of the stenographer, he proceeded:

"Yes. When my brother Jerry left for New Orleans I felt pretty bad. But I knew he had to go. So I had to make the best of it. He did what he could for me and left me in the care of my uncle,

Owen Sullivan, who was a good but eccentric man and, on occasions, very cruel to me.

"I remember receiving the worst beating of my life from his hands.

"He was connected with the Fire Department. On one occasion when there was a fire in Chicago—it being a very cold day—he told me to build a fire in the stove for the men so that it would be comfortable for them when they returned. I did as he told me, and then went home to bed.

"The following morning Uncle Owen called me into the stable near the Fire House. He locked the door and beat me with a whip so hard and cruelly that the foreman of the Fire House broke down the door, and, stopping him, told my uncle he ought to be hanged for beating a boy like that.

"It seems that some money had been taken from the pockets of the firemen during their absence at the fire. My uncle accused me of the theft, and because I would not admit it he beat me frightfully.

"I told him, 'I didn't do it. You can kill me, for I will never say I did—for I didn't.'

"I was then about twelve years old.

"After I had recovered from the effects of the beating I did a little detective work on my own account.

"I noticed a certain boy, who was the brother of the assistant engineer, smoking a new meerschaum pipe. I asked him where he got that pipe. His answer was not ready, neither did I like his looks.

I discovered he had been spending money freely in the candy stores. Finally, I accused him of stealing the money out of the pockets of the firemen. He admitted it.

"My uncle learned of the facts, but never spoke to me about the matter. I left him. I wouldn't remain with such a man.

"I beat my way on freight trains, and finally located with some farmers named Adams, where I worked during 1858-59 and 60, and then returned to Chicago.

"My school life was not a very long one, but it was a stormy one. There were very few Irish boys going to school with me. Although I was a good-natured boy, I would not stand teasing. If any one called me 'Mickie,' in a teasing way, I'd fight. When I was mad a good fist fight was the only thing that would satisfy me. I gloried in it. Poking any fun at my Irish descent meant fight.

"I had a keen sense of fairness. One day the teacher told me to take my seat. I was after a boy who had taken my cap.

" 'I will if you'll make him give me my cap.'

" 'You take your seat.'

" 'Not until I get my cap.'

"The teacher started for me, and I saw where I was going to be roughly handled, so bang, smash, I hit the teacher on the nose and one in the stomach. I was a husky boy for my age, and the blows

must have hurt, for the teacher quit. He returned to his desk and proceeded with the lessons.

"The next day when going into the school I happened to notice under the front stoop some newly cut hickory switches. There were about a dozen of them. I concluded I had better beat it than have the teacher beat me. So I hustled across the fields, and never went back to that school.

"My life was full of fight from the cradle to the time I quit the ring, and even after that I had a few. You remember one of the last ones I had. I had been spending the evening with you. You remember you wanted me to meet some Irish friends of yours from out of town.

"After we parted from you, we went into Jimmy Wakely's and had a small beer for a nightcap. At the bar was standing a member of the club, an old pupil of mine.

"He had been drinking heavily, and just as I came in he seemed to have vertigo. I caught him in my arms, and, leading him to a chair, I stood over him to see what could be done.

"At that moment three husky-looking fellows opened the door, and, coming over to where we were, one of them said: 'Look out for that gray-haired old sucker. He'll pick your pockets.'

"Well, you know, I couldn't stand for that. I punched him in the stomach and knocked him down. No sooner down than he was up again and went at me. This time I copped him on the jaw. Down

he went again, and again up and at me. I was ready for him that time, and I tell you the blow I hit him he'll remember. That time he stayed down.

"It was all done so quickly that the other two men made no attempt to get into the fight, and it was just as well for them they didn't, for the bartender was a friend of mine and was waiting behind the bar with a club. He told me that afterwards. He didn't interfere at first, as he saw I was equal to the tough. He said that was the third night those same men had been in, and each night they had tried to pick a fight. One of them got it that night, and he got what he deserved.

"Yes, my school life was full of fighting—but I made many friends.

"You see, I was Irish, and there were few Irish in the country where I was at that time. There were two boys I remember well. Joe Drake and Jesse Drake, brothers. They were Southerners. They were good friends of mine, but like all boys we had lots of fights together. Fight and make up and that way. Their father was a nice man. He was a trustee of the school.

"One day I licked a Dutchman. He called me 'Mickie.' I was freckled-faced, and I guess I must have looked the part. I ran for him and caught him at the door of his father's tavern, where he had tripped on the door-still. He got up and we had it hot and heavy. Nobody was around, and I licked him well. His hollering at last brought

his mother, who rushed at me with a broomstick.

"I ran back to school as fast as I could, and she after me. She came right in and saw the teacher.

"Old man Hartman was also a trustee.

"I was called up before the Board. The Board seemed to be divided whether I should be expelled or not. It depended on old man Drake. He got up and said:

" 'My boys have had many a fight with young Donovan. Yes, and been licked, too. But I like the spirit of the boy. He's a good square boy. All boys fight. I wouldn't give anything for a boy who wouldn't fight.'

"That settled it—they didn't fire me. I got better acquainted with young Hartman after that. He had a good-looking sister. She was a nice girl and I liked her. I liked girls; they were so gentle and nice. So different from boys.

"I remember Freddie Siegle at Hale's Corners. He was German, and a small boy. Many a fight I had with him. I remember licking an English boy named Harris. He was a fat boy. He made fun of the Irish.

"My schooling didn't amount to much. I finally quit when I was about fourteen.

"On July 5th, 1862, I enlisted in the army—in the infantry. I was then fourteen years old—wouldn't be fifteen until September.

"Think of it! Nothing but a kid." [Yes; I did think of it. I could see Mike with his stout Irish

heart filled with enthusiasm when he saw his elders getting ready for the fight. I imagine it was only necessary to use the word "fight" with Mike and that brought his signature. The great importance of preserving the Union undoubtedly did not penetrate into the consciousness of the venturesome lad.]

"The first duty my regiment was appointed to was fighting the guerrillas at Bird's Point, Columbus, Kentucky, Paducah, and other points on the Mississippi.

"Fighting this dirty crowd merely got our hand in trim for the many serious battles that were to follow.

"In 1863 we went down to help reinforce Grant at Chattanooga.

"It is hardly necessary for me to go into detail concerning the various battles I was in. The events of the late war are so well known that I will not bother you with matters of general information.

"Nothing really very exciting happened to me during the war. It was fight and wait and fight and march until we were mustered out.

"It was a shame we had to fight those people. The Johnnies were a bully lot of fellows. They thought they were right, but they have since found out they were wrong. It was a pity they couldn't have seen that at first.

"The army was full of youngsters—young kids of the same age as I.

"In 1864 my regiment joined Sherman's com-

mand in his march to the sea—the Atlanta campaign.

"We had many tough fights, and any one who tells you that soldiers have no fear when going into battle is not telling the truth.

"I don't mind fists or flying brick-bats, but when they commence to shoot lead and iron around—it gives you a queer feeling.

"When you're charging and yelling you forget yourself in the excitement of the moment. You want to get there just as quickly as you can. Of course, when you are fighting close you don't think of much either; but at most other times you are thinking of home and mother. You feel sure you are going to be killed. You always realize there is danger.

"There were not many Irish in my regiment, and I was called upon to fight with my fists a number of times. These fights were nothing out of the ordinary. Most of them were easy.

"One time I remember I angered the cook. We had a treat of Irish potatoes. The only potatoes we could get were the sweet potatoes. So when we found out we were to have Irish potatoes it caused some excitement.

"In my anxiety to get one before they were served in the regular way I angered the cook, and the fellow threw a knife at me that he happened to have in his hand. It struck me on the inside of the leg, pretty near the hip. The blade cut me quite

deep. The son-of-a-gun might have killed me; but he was sorry for it, and in a few days I was all right, and the cook and I were good friends.

"There was one little incident that will show you what boys will do. What pranks they will be up to.

"The night before the battle at Newhope Church the Eastern fellows were chucking dice. They had a big pot of money in front of them, and three of us got together and we decided to raid them.

"We rushed in and stampeded them. They thought the Johnnies were after them. We got all the money—about two hundred dollars—and we divided it amongst ourselves. The next day one of these boys was killed. I remember the feeling that came over me. Maybe it was a sin and he hadn't been forgiven.

"At this point Johnston was relieved, and Hood became Commander of the Confederate troops. Johnston was very unpopular and was called by some a traitor.

"About this time I was relieved, too—relieved from going on the firing line, and, you 'betcher,' I was glad. Never mind how much you like fighting, the firing line is no joke. As Sherman said, 'War is hell!' and on the firing lines, at times, you would think hell had broken loose. So when one day in front of Atlanta the Assistant to the Commissary General was riding by my company street, happening to see me, he took me for his orderly, I was mighty glad.

"He was a very fine-looking man by the name of Root.

"He said: 'Captain, I like the looks of that boy. Who is he?'

"' Why, his name is Donovan, Sir,' replied the Captain. 'He's a good boy and his only fault is he will fight.'

" 'Oh, that's no fault,' said the officer. 'I like boys who will fight. I need an orderly. Can I have him?'

"So I was then installed as orderly, and I felt pretty big.

"There is an incident that made a lasting impression on my memory. Major General McPherson's men were stationed very close to Sherman's camp, and McPherson saw Sherman every day. McPherson had ridden to Headquarters, and he and Sherman were sitting together on a log looking at a map which was spread out on General Sherman's knees. They heard heavy firing on our left, and McPherson jumped to his feet. I saw him shake hands with Sherman, mount and ride away as fast as he could go. A half-hour afterward he was killed."

CHAPTER III

FIRST FIGHTS

On the occasion of our third meeting the Professor got quickly into his stride.

"Let me see, we left off at the death of General McPherson.

"Later in the day I learned through an eye-witness that a boy of nineteen years of age had shot McPherson as he appeared on a knoll just in front of our line. The General had been warned not to go on that knoll, but he wanted to get a better view of the field of battle, and the fear of danger did not deter him. I learned years afterward that the boy never ceased to regret having shot the brave General.

"Hood's men rifled the body and took some valuable papers, which were afterwards recovered, and are now in the archives at Washington. Mr. F. S. Church, the artist, was the man that turned over the papers to the authorities. McPherson's body was recovered by us, and was buried with honors.

"Marching and fighting we worked our way to the sea.

"I remember having a good time at Savannah

racing horses. I captured a full-blooded Kentucky mare, leaving a mule in place of it. The mule was of much more use to the farmers than a highly strung horse, so my conscience didn't trouble me much. I guess boys don't have much conscience anyway.

"On one occasion when I was out riding a very handsome officer asked who I was and whether I had a brother Jerry. On learning that Jerry was my brother, he told my captain that Jerry was the hardest man he had ever boxed with. The officer's name was Fred Whitehead, a great boxer, at that time serving under General Osterhaus.

"From then on I was the little white-haired boy with my Captain.

"Nothing further of interest occurred in my life till the close of the war, when we came on to Washington for the rally of the Army, and all were dismissed to go back to their homes.

"It was a wonderful act for that vast army to lay down its arms quietly and return to their homes and take up their duties as they had left them.

"I went back to Chicago in June, 1865.

"On my return from the war I felt like a man. The men that had been unkind to me I remembered, and I hunted up one or two of them and gave them a thrashing, especially if I found out they had not been to the war.

"Work in Chicago not being to my liking, and

hearing of wages of six dollars a day being paid in St. Louis, I went there.

"Now up to this time, you know, I had never put on a boxing glove. At times we were accustomed to put rags around the hands and box a bit that way, but I had never put on a regular boxing glove until I came to St. Louis after the war.

"There was a pretty tough place in the town where men used to go to see glove contests. I made up my mind that I was going to be one of the performers, so I watched the prize-fighters carefully, and practiced up the points I got, and when I felt I could handle myself all right, I started in taking on all comers.

"By golly! They thought I was a wonder. I could hit as well with my left hand as I could with my right, and the way I sailed in was a surprise to them. I could fight like a wild cat.

"A half dozen fellows, big fellows, too, they were, and of some reputation, I licked without much trouble.

"There was one fellow, however, that trimmed me nicely. He was a little fellow. Square shoulder, short and stocky. I couldn't seem to get to him. I had been meeting fellows so big that when I hit at them I couldn't miss them, but this little chap was so small in comparison I couldn't find his head, and his stomach was so small and well-muscled I couldn't find that either. I was a great believer in body blows. The solar plexus was

known then as the belly. A good old-fashioned name for it. Now, since education is more general and we are all more or less on the high-brow order as compared with fifty years ago, we call things like the belly punch a blow to the solar plexus. It is nothing new. Only the name is new.

"Well, I couldn't hit this tough rascal to hurt him, and he got at me and gave me a good licking. He was a foreman in a big office, a German-American. By golly! I cried like a baby I was so disappointed. The gang stood around and laughed; they were glad to see me get it. I guess I had been chesty with all my recent victories and it was a good thing for me. But my! how the gang did kid me!

"I met that fellow years afterwards in Chicago, and we put on the gloves again, but he was so easy I didn't have the heart to hit him. You see, I had kept up my boxing and he had dropped it.

"Patrick Kendrick was the only man that ever gave me a boxing lesson. He and I were great friends. His was a generous and kindly nature. He had a number of fine sons. Two of them are Christian Brother teachers.

"Well, Pat gave me lessons, and how I did enjoy them. He would say to me: 'Mike, I'll make you best all these fellows.'

"I would go down to his house nights, especially moonlight nights, and there in the back yard, we would box and I would learn by the hour.

"I tell you, you can't learn anything worth while in this world except by hard work. But when you are learning anything you like to do, hard work is a pleasure, and so it was with me in boxing. I took to it naturally and I loved it.

"When I started with Pat Kendrick, I used to box, or rather fight, with my right hand and right foot forward. He got me out of that habit and made me hit with my left hand as well as I could with my right.

"On Saturday nights there would be a show, and I was always on hand. Pretty soon I commenced to best them all, and as they saw a chance to make money out of me, I was a big favorite with the gang. They were a tough gang, too, I can tell you. My, but they were a bad lot!

"As I think of those days it frightens me to realize what I could have easily become. You know your surroundings affect you and, by golly! to think a young boy can turn out a fairly decent citizen after mixing up with the toughest men imaginable makes you wonder.

"I thought because they used to dress up and wear duck pants that they were grand fellows, but they were the worst characters imaginable. Well, I was in the hands of this gang, and they matched me against a fellow named Billy Crowley.

"The fight took place in June. I remember well getting into the carriage in which I was driven to the fighting grounds. My, how chesty I felt!

There was a large crowd waiting for me, about a thousand people, and I tell you I felt big. I had no fear about the outcome of the fight. I knew I could lick Crowley, all right.

"I was going to fight for glory. Not a penny was in it for me—somewhat different from the fights they pull off nowadays.

"The fight took place about four miles from St. Louis. The ring was pitched and we started in. All fights at that time, you know, were with the bare knuckles. Crowley was a very clever boxer. He knew many tricks of the ring that I didn't know. When I made it too hot for him he would go down, and I couldn't understand a fellow dropping to avoid punishment, so I would reach down and pick him up and punch him, but I was warned it was a foul. I didn't know what a foul was. I thought it was a cowardly thing to drop down without being hit, so I kept on picking him up and thrashing him, till at last they gave the fight to Crowley on a foul. Oh, my, how I cried! I couldn't see but what I had fought fair and square, and that he was the fellow who had fought foul. So I lost the fight, and the gang lost money and felt sore, but they saw I could fight, so they stuck to me.

"I remember in this first real fight of mine I would persist in putting my right foot forward so I could use my right hand better, and Pat Kendrick, who was in my corner, would say: 'Left foot forward, Mike,' and I would shift around and

that would puzzle Crowley quite a bit. Pat was a great fellow.

"Billy Crowley later on in life became a rich man. He discovered some process to improve steel, and, although an ignorant man, became wealthy on the royalty they paid him. He could not stand prosperity, and drank himself to death in Pittsburgh. He was a nice fellow. I gave him money one time to go from St. Louis to Cincinnati.

"After this fight I studied up the rules of the ring and made up my mind I wouldn't lose fights on any more fouls. It is hard enough to lose fights by being licked, let alone losing them when, if you know the rules, you can easily win.

"About a month after that I heard of a fellow named Mike Conroy, who was an Englishman from Birmingham, coming to St. Louis and bragging around town that he could lick my brother Jerry. This fellow Conroy came from a family of English fighters. I afterwards fought one of his brothers.

"Well, Jerry had married and retired fom the ring. So I hunted this fellow up, intending to make him fight or shut up. I found out where he was and one day strolled up to the place called 'The Clipper.' It was a saloon. I walked into the barroom and there he was sitting over in the corner. I walked up to him and said: 'Do you know where I can find Conroy?' I had fight written all over me, and it rather took him by surprise.

"'Why, yes, kid,' says he; 'I'm Conroy. Who the hell are you?'

"'I'm Mike Donovan, Jerry Donovan's brother, and I've come up here to lick you, you big stiff. You can't go around saying you can lick my brother Jerry. Why, Jerry could eat you up.'

"'Say, not so fast there, kid. If you are not careful, I will take you over my knee and spank you. Blime me, if I won't,' said Conroy.

"Well, that was enough for me, I was for going at him right then and there, but the crowd saw a good thing and held me back. It was arranged we meet in three days.

"'I'll lick you good, you big Englishman,' was my parting challenge.

"'Say, sonny,' said Conroy, 'don't bring your nurse with you,' and they all laughed.

"'You'll need the nurse,' said I.

"Well, when we got through with that fight we both needed nurses. It was an awful punishing fight.

"During the three days we had to wait, some friend of Jerry's notified him in Chicago that his kid brother was matched in a prize-fight against a noted English pugilist. Jerry came on the jump to St. Louis.

"'I hear you are going to fight, my boy,' were the words Jerry greeted me with.

"'Yes,' said I, and I felt very proud to take my big brother's place.

"'No, kid,' said Jerry, 'you can't fight; I won't let you.'

"'Yes, Jerry, I'm going to fight, and nobody can stop me.'

"'Take a walk with me,' said Jerry. We walked through the streets talking over the matter, when we came to the Station House. I thought Jerry was going in to see his friend Larry Horrigan, so in I went with him. Larry has since died. He was Chief of Police of St. Louis.

"Jerry asked Larry to lock me up, explaining that I wanted to fight.

"Larry told him he couldn't do it, and on learning from me that I would fight as soon as Jerry returned to Chicago, advised Jerry to let me have my way.

"'Let him get a taste of it,' said Larry. 'You can't stop him from fighting. Let him see if he can stand it.'

"Jerry concluded to let me fight. So the battle came off the next day, and I tell you it was a battle. It was a tough fight, but I had been used to seeing men killed all around me in the war, and a few bruises more or less did not bother me.

"It was a very hot day, and the place where the ring was pitched was in sort of a hollow in the woods. The men formed a big crowd around the ring and kept off the air. Although this was tough on me, it was a greater strain for the Englishman, as he was older and wasn't used to such heat.

"I knew this, and it helped give me confidence. Little things like that help a good deal when you are thinking hard.

"Instinctively I did not like Englishmen, and they did not like me. Time has helped me, and since then I have met many good Englishmen.

"Well, when I faced Conroy in the ring, I felt confident I could lick him. I did not want to shake hands, but Jerry, who was in my corner, made me.

"Conroy knew a trick of the bare-knuckle game that I had never learned. He kept pecking with his left at my eyes, with the intention of closing them. I didn't know you could close a man's eyes so he positively couldn't see by continually hitting him on the eyes.

"So when Conroy kept jabbing me in the face with his left, I would take the blows and would wallop back as hard as ever I could. He had a great left hand, and he reached me often. But I shook him up with my hard smashes, and every time I landed, he would go down. This was another London prize ring trick. He could then get a short rest. Yankee Sullivan was a great fellow for that style of fighting, but he fought big men and had to do something like that. His opponents would often have to hold him up and punch him. You know, you could do that under the London prize ring rules, and also wrestling was allowed. But I didn't know at that time much about the fine points of the game, so Conroy would fall down as

often as he pleased (after pecking at me) and would be carried to his corner by his seconds. I couldn't understand how a man, if he wanted to fight and wasn't afraid, could permit himself to fall down to avoid punishment.

"Seeing Conroy drop to avoid my blows made me despise him all the more, and I went at him with the determination to hurt him so that when he went down he would have to stay down.

"But this continual jabbing, jabbing, jabbing, reaching my eyes with every blow, was commencing to have the effect Conroy was striving for.

"Suddenly there was a cry of 'Police!' and, my, how that crowd did scatter! I got away, but didn't have a thing on me above the waist. I lost Jerry in the excitement, and Conroy ran in a different direction.

"I took to the fields, and with me was a good friend of mine and Jerry's—Billy Murray, a big giant of a fellow; he loved both of us and we loved him. Billy gave me his duster and as we ran across country we came to a beautiful stream of clean water. By golly! that seemed the finest sight I had ever seen. Down on my knees I went, and was just about to take a good drink when Billy grabbed me and threw me away.

"Well, as much as I loved Billy I couldn't be deprived of that water.

" 'You let me drink or I'll fight you,' I told him.

"'No, Mike; it's bad for you. Wait, you may have to fight some more.'

"They had an idea in those days that a man shouldn't drink any water when fighting. I knew it would do me good, and as Billy saw it was either let me drink or fight, he gave in.

"Oh, my, how I did enjoy that drink! It did me a world of good. I felt refreshed and was eager to get at Conroy again. So Billy and I hustled over the fields to try and find where the crowd was."

CHAPTER IV

ROUGHING IT

"When I had satisfied my thirst at the stream, we crossed over on the stones, and I remember getting my feet wet. About half a mile further on we came to a crossroad, and there was Conroy with a big crowd of men. He thought I would never show up again, and he was bragging.

" 'That fellow won't show up to-day.'

" 'Won't I? Well, here I am, and we'll fight it out right here.'

"He had no right to think I was afraid of him. I never went down and showed the white feather the way he did.

"Our seconds thinking it more prudent, we went about a mile further along where the police couldn't find us.

"We did not pitch the ring this time, but a big one was formed by the people.

"We stripped and went to it. I always brought the fight to him. He would wait for me and keep jabbing me with his left. It stung me and hurt, but my idea was to hit hard, and I paid no attention to his stabs.

"All at once it commenced to dawn on me that he was trying to blind me. But then it was too late. My eyes were so swollen they commenced to close. I would come close and, grabbing him, I would hold him up and punish him, but down he would go, and several times I wanted to kick him.

"To win a fight by blinding a man and to save yourself from punishment by falling was something I couldn't understand. I didn't think it was fair or manly. Conroy had fought lots of times in England, and knew all the tricks of the game.

"The fight continued this way for about an hour and three quarters, and I became as blind as a bat.

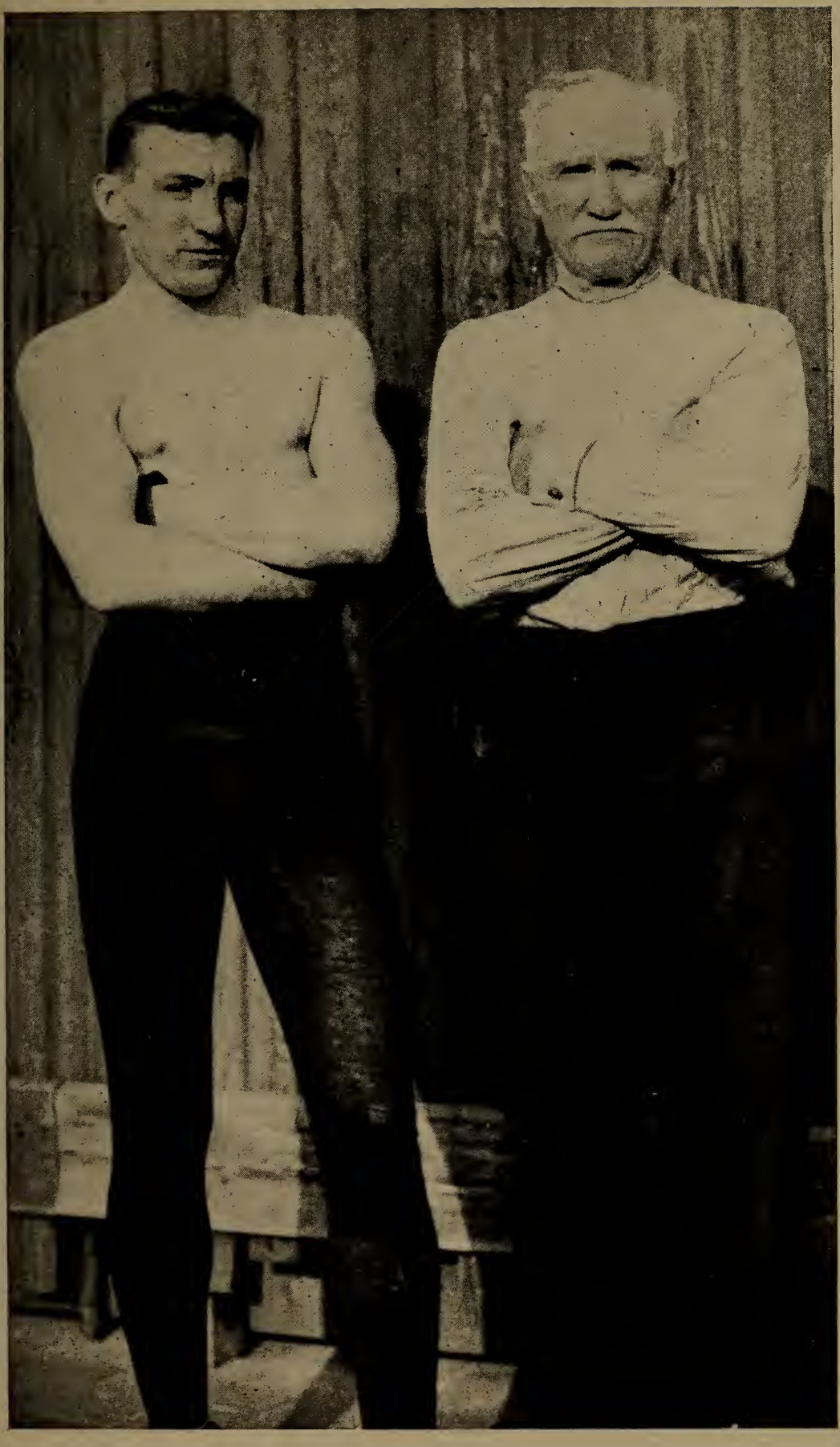
"Jerry began to cry and begged me to quit. They wanted to throw up the sponge, but I wouldn't have it. I knew I was a better man than that Englishman, and that if I could only see I could lick him.

" 'Lead me to the middle of the ring, Jerry, and I will hold one eye open with my hand and punch him with the other hand. I'll lick him yet.'

"I thought if I could only land a good blow in his stomach I could finish him.

"So, holding my right eye open with my left hand, I was led to the middle of the ring, and as Conroy advanced I jumped at him and with all my strength I hit him a terrific blow in the stomach. Down he went and I fell over him.

"That was the end of that round. Our seconds carried us to our corners.



Mike and His Son Arthur

" 'Lead me only once more, Jerry. That's all I ask. Give me another show. I mustn't lose the fight. I can lick him.'

"Just as time was called up went the sponge from Conroy's corner.

"For many years that time was the nearest I ever came to loving an Englishman. My, how happy I was!

"Conroy was knocked unconscious. He remained that way for nearly an hour. What with my blow and the heat of the day, the poor fellow was nearly done for. He got a kind of a spasm and I thought he was going to die. But after a while he came around all right.

"Those fights, held under the London Prize Ring rules, were brutal affairs. I wouldn't go to see one now. You couldn't hire me to.

"Well, after that hard fight I was a happy fellow. They bundled me into a carriage, and with the crowd following we started back for St. Louis.

"I was happy, but the only thing that worried me was my eyesight. I thought I might never see again. I was totally blind for three days. At last my eyes commenced to clear; that is, the swelling went down and I felt much better.

"They gave me two hundred and fifty dollars for that fight. When Jerry handed it to me I felt pretty big, but would not touch the money because I wanted Jerry to take it. I had seventy-five dollars in the bank and was earning good wages.

Jerry was recently married, and I told him he needed it and I didn't, so I made him take it.

"I was living with an old lady by the name of Mrs. Curtain. She nursed me like a son. I never could forget her.

"Well, when my face got in shape, I went out and, my, how important I felt! Down on the levee they gave me an ovation. Everybody wanted to shake hands with me. I tell you, I was some pumpkins.

"It took me two months to recover thoroughly from the fight. A bare-knuckle fight is not like the glove contests they have now. It would take a man three or four months as a rule to regain his health and get back to his right condition. The blows of the bare fists cut and bruised the body so severely that it took a long time to come around. The knuckles were often broken and the hands greatly disabled. It was brutal business, and I am happy to see bare-knuckle fights done away with.

"The boxing contests as conducted now are seldom brutal. It is a rough sport, but no rougher than wrestling or football. No, not as rough as either of them. A man can receive greater punishment at either of these sports than he can at boxing. Referees are instructed to stop an unequal contest at boxing, and frequently stop bouts before they become brutal. But in the old London Prize Ring days the sport was most brutal.

"The Marquis of Queensberry was the man that

changed the whole nature of boxing. I believe if boxing had always been conducted under the present rules it would never have got into bad odor. But the reputation it inherited from the London Prize Ring gave it the bad name.

"In a short time I returned to work, but as caulking on ships was slow, I got a job as driver of an express wagon. One day, as I was crossing a ferry with my wagon, a deck hand spoke to me very roughly, and I resented it. He then called me a bad name, which to me always meant fight or apologize. I remonstrated with the man, who was a big, tall, strapping fellow of at least six feet, and must have weighed close to two hundred pounds. My speaking quietly to him only caused him to swear at me harder than ever. Jumping off my wagon, I walked up to this big chap. He laughed at my nerve and made a wild lunge for me. Slipping his blow, I stepped in close and struck him with my right full in the stomach. By golly! what a grunt he gave; he doubled up, and when he could straighten himself up, he looked at me curiously, and seeing me standing there as calm as a June day, he couldn't understand it. So, thinking it was only a lucky punch I had landed, he came at me like a wild bull. I sidestepped his rush, and uppercutting with my left, I straightened him up, and landing again with the right in the stomach, he went down on the deck and stayed there for awhile.

"When we reached the shore, he got a policeman

and had me arrested. I was taken before my old friend Larry Horrigan.

"When he heard the complaint, he said to me: 'So you are here for licking that big man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Next time you take a fellow of your own size.'

"The complaint was made, so he had to hold me for court in the morning, but he let me go off with my team and baggage on my promise to appear on time. That night a fellow by the name of Looney went to see the judge, and in the morning I was discharged.

"My existence that winter was a tough one. I was working amongst a lot of pretty hard characters. They had been army teamsters and they were a scrapping bunch. But they weren't any tougher than I was; that is, as far as fighting went. One of the biggest of the gang tried to lick me one day. He kept annoying me until I couldn't stand it any longer. I would not take insults. I'd fight, no matter how big a man was, if he goaded me too much.

"This fellow, who had formerly been an army teamster and was now driving one of the state wagons, seemed to be looking to pick a fight with me. I guess he thought he would get a cheap reputation. I was much smaller than he, but was known as a prize fighter, and he probably thought that, if he licked me, he would be known as a dangerous fighter also. He looked upon me as an easy

mark. I could tell by the confident way he went about it.

"We had it out in a grain car. I was decidedly at a disadvantage because the floor was so slippery I could not do any footwork, and my opponent was so much larger he could hold his stand. I remember, as I stripped for the fight, thinking that if he knew anything about fighting I would have a hard time of it. But, my! the big duffer didn't know anything. I smashed him and banged him at will, and when I landed a good stiff right on what is known as the solar plexus, he went down and said he had enough. It was easy. The other teamsters, hearing of the licking I gave him, didn't bother me after that.

"You know, that solar plexus blow is a great one. When Bob Fitzsimmons was going around the country offering any man fifty dollars if he could stay four rounds with him, I was at the old Park Theater in New York one night when he hit a fellow on the jaw in the first round, and the man, turning completely around, fell unconscious on his face, breaking his nose. If that man had fallen backwards and struck his head on those hard boards it would undoubtedly have broken his skull.

"I told Bob afterwards that he would kill some man that way, and that he ought to hit a man in the stomach when he wanted to disable him. He would go down just the same and stay there, only he would sink down and not fall over backwards, running

the risk of getting concussion of the brain. Bob listened, but did not perfect the blow until after an unfortunate occurrence in Syracuse in which Con Riordan met his death. Then Bob realized how dangerous it was to hit a man on the jaw. It wasn't the blow on the jaw that did the damage but the way a man fell.

"Fitzsimmons studied this blow very carefully after his sad experience in Syracuse, and became very expert. He licked many a big fellow with it. He won the championship from Corbett with the same blow. It helped him a lot in his fights against big men. You know he was only a middleweight.

"Doctor Girdner, after the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight, gave it the scientific name of the Solar Plexus blow. But it was the same old stomach punch with which I had licked many a man.

"In the spring I went back to caulking, and I found myself amongst a different lot of men. They treated me right, and did not try to bully me. We got along well together and I had many friends among them.

"I was boarding and leading a very quiet life, going from the house to my work and returning home again at the end of the day perfectly happy and contented, but it was not long before it got around who I was and that Jerry Donovan was my brother. Jerry had a big reputation as a fighting man and also enemies, and I also found I was getting my share of enemies too. It seems the broth-

ers of that Englishman from Birmingham named Conroy that I licked in my second prize fight were at Memphis, and when I arrived there in my wandering they heard I was in their neighborhood and they planned not only to lick me but to kill me.

"They would surely have killed me if it had not been for a certain man named Roberts, who lived near the river and who knew Jerry. Jerry and he had a rough-and-tumble fight three years before, and Jerry had licked him, but this man was Irish and had borne no grudge. You know, an Irishman feels closer to you if he has had a fight with you. Some of the Irish really must have a fight before they can entirely warm up to a man.

"Plans were all made by the Conroy brothers to get me down in their district and do me. In those days doing one meant killing. A man by the name of Brochlocker, who was one of the noted gamblers in town, heard of the plot to kill me, and hunted me up in the shipyard and gave me warning. He told me he knew Jerry and always liked him, and that he didn't want to see any harm come to me, so he told me to be careful.

" 'I'm not afraid. Nobody is going to go at me without giving me a show for my life, and I can lick any damned coward that tries to hurt me.'

" 'Yes,' said Brochlocker, 'if they give you a chance, you can lick them, all right, but these cowards won't give you a chance. The gang will surround you and kill you. So be careful.'

"I couldn't believe any man would deliberately plan to kill any one, so I thanked Brochlocker for his kindness and dismissed the thing from my mind."

CHAPTER V

MEETING LINCOLN AND ROOSEVELT

"The Conroy brothers were a bad lot. I had never met their kind up to that time. It didn't occur to me that there could be men so cruel and cowardly as to deliberately set on a fellow to kill him and not even give him a fighting chance.

"Everybody carried a pistol or a knife in those days, but I really did not care for one, as I felt I could take care of myself, and the idea of carrying a weapon did not suit me.

"I had been warned not to go out at night, but I was young and fearless. I did not know enough of the world to be cautious. So, one evening, I strolled down to the levee, and dropped into a saloon kept by a man named Roberts.

"I was quietly talking with Roberts at the bar when a number of men came in, and I heard them say: 'There he is. We've got him now.'

"Every one of them drew a gun. I stood there looking at the whole dirty crowd, not thinking for a moment they intended to shoot; but Roberts evidently knew them, for, jumping on the bar, he grabbed two big pistols from a holster on the wall,

and, pointing them at the gang, he swore he would kill the first man that shot at 'that boy,' as he called me.

"That was a mighty brave thing to do. He took his life in his hands and he saved mine.

" 'I'll fight,' I said, 'if you'll give me a chance.'

"They wanted to take me to Winter's place on Main Street, but I told them I wouldn't go there but would fight any one of them up at the Danbury Engine House. They wanted me to walk with them, but Roberts made them go on ahead and we followed after. He knew the gang he had to deal with. I had never met such cowards before.

"The gang stopped at a saloon kept by Connolly before we came to the Engine House, and we foolishly followed.

"Brochlocker, hearing I was in the saloon with the Conroy gang, hunted me up, and, sizing up the temper of the crowd, insisted that I should not fight.

" 'Look here, boys,' said Brochlocker, 'this isn't fair. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put up a hundred dollars and make good five hundred to-morrow that Mike can lick any one in your gang.'

"Brochlocker was, as I said before, a prominent gambler of Memphis, and had lots of money. He meant what he said.

"Well, one word led to another, and as the beggar was an Englishman and I Irish, that settled it. So Jim Conroy and I started at each other. I thought it was going to be a fair and square fight,

but we hadn't been at it but a few minutes when he threw me down and commenced to bite me. I tried to get up, but he was stronger and heavier. I have the marks of his buck teeth on my forehead. Finally I got my foot near the edge of the stove and, shoving hard, I turned him over. As I was on top, his brother kicked me in the side.

" 'I got you, I got you!' I hollered.

"Then I got kicked. Here McGuire, an Irishman, one of their crowd, stepped in and said: 'He's a square fellow and he's going to get a show. The first fellow that touches him is going to get killed.'

"Conroy was much bigger and stronger, and as we got on our feet, I grabbed him around the neck and, holding his head in chancery, commenced to punish him. Some one tripped me and we both fell. Conroy struck his head and hollered 'Enough!'

"Just then the police burst in and arrested us.

"They made us wash off in a trough in the station house. The places where he had bitten me and gouged me smarted so that I got mad, thinking of the cowardly manner in which he had fought, and I went at him again, but the coppers pulled us apart.

" 'Look where the dirty coward has bitten me!' I shouted.

"In bringing us to the station house they treated him very roughly, but they didn't even hold me.

"They locked us up, but we were bailed out and appeared in court in the morning. The judge fined

me twenty-five dollars, but he fined Conroy fifty. Connolly, the saloonkeeper, paid my fine, which I later returned.

"I was pretty sore after that scrap, as they had nearly done me up. My friend Connolly told me that I had better look out, for some night they would get me, sure, unless I was very careful.

" 'You're the kind of fellow,' said Connolly, 'that will get killed. You don't fight like those fellows. They are sneaks and cowards.'

"You bet I learned my lesson for the future and was more careful.

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"I want to tell here, while it occurs to me, of the time that I met Abraham Lincoln. I was in Chicago at the time, and it was in the fall of the year 1860 when Mr. Lincoln was speaking in his campaign against Douglas. He came down the street, followed by a large crowd. He was leading a small boy by the hand, who was Tad, his son.

"I can just see that great tall man: high hat, big black stock, the sleeve of his coat open, sauntering down the street, bowing to every one and shaking hands with those that were near—careless in dress and free in his manner. I wanted to shake hands with him, too, so I crowded up, and as I approached him, he leaned over and, extending his hand, asked me my name.

" 'Michael Donovan,' repeated Mr. Lincoln.

'That's a good name, and you are a fine boy. Here, Tad, shake hands with Michael Donovan.'

"Tad was not as fair and easy as his father. I looked Tad over and I remember the thought occurring to me: 'I can lick you.' I was about thirteen and Tad was about twelve.

"Mr. Lincoln won me at once, and you bet he would have got my vote.

"The people followed him into a picture gallery. I went in, and there I saw him pointing out the pictures of interest to Tad—especially the battle of Waterloo, and also one of Sebastopol. Finally, leaving the gallery, he walked down the street to the post office, and I went home.

"That night he spoke from the balcony of the Tremont House. I was there, and how he did make fun of Douglas! The people were all with him. This was his last speech before election day, and he felt that he must spread himself, and he did.

"This great tall man, with his fine, homely face, taking the crowd into his confidence just as if he were talking to a friend, won them all. Never saying a mean or small thing or showing any annoyance or bad feeling against Douglas, he had the people all laughing at his jokes and the wise way of putting things. 'Old Abe' had them going, all right. He was a wonderful man.

"I'm glad to tell that story about Lincoln just at this time, because I get tired of talking about myself. It doesn't seem right to say too much about

myself. People might think I was chesty, and I wouldn't blame them."

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If any one that reads this narrative knew good old Mike as I knew him they would never become tired of hearing his experiences. His simplicity, his honesty, his lack of self-praise was very evident and was so attractive.

With regard to being "chesty," as he expressed it, of that no one could accuse him. With manner straightforward, and entirely unaffected, he met and conversed with men of prominence in the social, financial and political world as easily and naturally as with those of the humblest walks in life.

This is always an infallible sign of whether one has too high an opinion of one's self, or, in other words, has the swelled head. Mike Donovan was gracious to all men regardless of position. Naturally, as was proper, he held a just estimate of his ability, and the meaning of his victories over his trials and temptations.

He had many friends of prominence who made much of him. Yet his head was never turned. He was not "stuck on himself."

One day he called for me at noontime, wishing to have me meet Colonel Roosevelt.

The front room of the offices of *The Outlook* was filled with men waiting to see the Colonel. He was in a corner talking with Lincoln Steffens. As soon as he saw Mike Donovan he came forward,

and with a "Hello, Mike!" accompanied with a punch on the shoulder, he grasped the Professor by the hand and made much of him. He told several anecdotes regarding his experiences with Mike.

"One night," said the Colonel, "I was speaking at a meeting on the West Side, and the ward leader was sitting on the stage near me. I had a few plain truths to tell him, and I didn't spare him. Shaking my finger in his face, I made him see himself as others saw him. For awhile it looked like a fight between him and me. But he passed it up, and I went on with my speech. I could see Mike, who was on the stage that night, ready to spring in and fight at the first sign of trouble. Hey, Mike, isn't that a fact?"

"Yes, Colonel. I thought you were up against it that night, and I was going to help one of my old pupils at any cost."

"Right you are, Mike," said the Colonel, "and you're the boy who can do it."

"You can take care of a few yourself, Colonel," replied Mike.

After some more pleasant words, we left. If I had received a reception like that from an ex-President of the United States, and a man of such world-wide reputation, I would have been spoiled for converse with other mortals for many a day. Mike never batted an eyelash. He was the same simple, plain, unaffected, dear old fellow.

* * * * * * *

"I want to tell you about a fellow I got even with after I returned from the war," continued Mike, in his narrative. "Stanton was his name. He was four years older than I was, and was big and heavy —a regular heavyweight.

"Stanton was a cowardly bully. Before I went to the war he jumped on me for something, I've forgotten what, and, knocking me down, kicked me unmercifully.

"Oh, how I did lick him on my return! I hunted him up.

" 'Isn't your name Stanton?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'You are just the fellow I've been looking for for years,' said I, and I jumped at him and slugged him all over the lot.

"Jerry, my brother, happened to be there, and, grabbing me, started to lick me. I told him what Stanton had done to me, and Jerry then wanted to lick Stanton. But he'd had enough.

"I got more satisfaction out of that fight than any one I remember.

"One day during this time I was wearing Jerry's frock coat and high hat. On a Fourth of July a chap named McEnerny met me on the street and accused me of jumping on his brother with some other fellows at the lumber yard and licking his brother. I didn't do it, and told him that, if I wanted to fight his brother, I would fight him fair;

but he insisted I did, and told me he was going to lick me.

"I couldn't stand for that, so off came the coat and hat, and we went at it on the sidewalk.

"It was a fair fight, but McEnerny wasn't in it. I saw Jerry coming and I dusted. Grabbing the coat and hat, I ran to the house.

"Jerry followed me and made me come back and fight it out. But, when we returned, poor McEnerny had had enough and wouldn't fight. Jerry felt sore about my wearing his coat and hat, but he forgave me, as I had made McEnerny quit.

* * * * * * *

"There is one incident I have forgotten to tell you. It was the treatment I received from my brother-in-law Lefever when I was a lad of thirteen or fourteen. Things like that help change one's nature. They bring out the savage instincts in the man.

"Lefever was a decent enough chap except when in a temper, and then he was terrible. Being a very hard worker himself, he could not understand how anybody could do anything else but work. As for a lively boy, he didn't understand him at all.

"We had just killed a beef, and it being the custom to give the neighbors a roast or a steak, I was sent around with these in a basket. I had been walking miles and was tired. At one place I found some boys playing handball against the barn. That

settled it. I was in that game in a jiffy and forgot all about my errands.

" 'There comes Lefever, Mike!' cried some one.

"Away I scooted across lots, but he hollered to me. So when we were near the house I came up to him and started to explain, but there were no explanations for him. He licked me so hard he broke two big sticks over my body. He was trying to make me yell but I wouldn't.

"I told him that when I got to be a big man I would fix him. He beat harder. He licked me until I thought I would drop dead. I was bleeding freely, and every bone in my body seemed broken.

"My sister came to me, and, picking me up, brought me into the house. Four or five days I lay in bed very sick. Lefever was scared. He saw he had gone too far. He promised me a fiddle when I got well.

"Did I get the fiddle? I did not.

"A neighbor by the name of Putnam told Lefever:

" 'If that boy dies, we're going to hang you.'

"I can see Lefever now. He had a way of showing his teeth when in a rage, and he didn't make a pretty picture.

"I got well, and time passed as usual. Lefever kept me at work so continually I had no time for play. Other boys could play, but I couldn't. All boys should have some play, otherwise you can't tell what they will do.

"Lefever was building a house for a man named Adams and I had to work with him. I remember planing the floors. My, what a job! It seemed as if I never would finish. He was a glutton for work and never let up on it.

"I knocked off for awhile one day, and when playing with some boys near the barn, a fellow named Ross and I got into a fight. He was a big fellow, about one hundred and eighty pounds. He had bloodied my nose, and, having knocked me down, was sitting on me. He saw Lefever coming in the distance, and, jumping up, told me to beat it.

"I got over to the woodpile as quickly as I could, and was industriously chopping wood.

"Lefever leaned on the fence eyeing me. My nose was bleeding and I had a guilty look.

"Lefever vaulted the fence, and stooping down to get a stick to beat me with, he was in a dangerous position, for, remembering the terrible beating he had once given me, I started for him with the ax.

"Although I was in a rage, the look that came over Lefever's face stopped me. He was white with fear. He saw I was to be beaten no longer.

" 'I'll kill you if you don't drop that stick.'

"Fortunately for both of us, he dropped the stick and walked away.

"I left that day. Years after the war he asked me to forgive him. I did, but I told him I never could like him. He has since died.

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"What I have just told cleans up pretty well all my experiences before the war.

"After my St. Louis fights I got in with such a tough gang that I saw it was no place for a decent fellow that wanted to be on the level. They would pull off all sorts of crooked stunts. So I quit them and came on to Philadelphia.

"The heavyweight champion of the country, Ned O'Baldwin, lived in a big house on Second Street. I introduced myself, and he was friendly right away. He also knew Jerry and liked him.

"O'Baldwin invited me to make my home with him. He was a big-hearted man, and we became great friends. I only stayed at his house a few days, as I thought it best to get a boarding place.

"Ned was very nice to me. It seems Jerry had shown him favors when in Chicago, and he took good care of me. He got me in a fine boarding house kept by Mr. and Mrs. Carrol.

"Mrs. Carrol was a good motherly woman and a regular matchmaker.

"It was at this house that I met my wife. I remember the first time I saw her. It was after supper. Miss Butler and Mrs. Carrol were great friends. She used to call at the house quite often.

"When she came into the room I thought she was the sweetest girl I had ever seen—so pretty, such expressive eyes and rosy cheeks! It was a case of love at first sight. She was the first and only girl I ever cared for. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Carrol

I would never have had the nerve to pay her any attention. Mrs. Carrol liked me, and I guess she made up her mind that I was the man for her friend.

" 'Mr. Donovan,' she would say, 'you and Cecilia would make a good pair.'

" 'Oh, you're joking me!' I would reply.

"Mrs. Carrol would say to Celia—my wife told me afterwards:

" 'Celia, sure and he will be the finest man in the world for you.'

"That didn't do my cause any harm, as my wife felt that Mrs. Carrol was a good judge of the male character. And so Mrs. Carrol was a blessing to me.

"When Miss Butler came to see me in jail, after I was caught fighting Jimmy Murray for the championship, I felt mighty encouraged. It convinced me that I had at least made an impression.

"All the people in her neighborhood, when they heard about her visiting me, talked about it.

" 'She's been down to see the prize fighter. What do you think of that?'

"The old gossips had a great time. When I came out and got well I used to call, and many a time I was on the point of asking her, when I would lose my nerve. She was a refined and educated girl, and I couldn't see how she could care for a skate like me.

"I tried to be my nicest, and always had my best

manners. I thought it over, and did my best to get up my courage, but I simply couldn't.

"I was a coward. I wrote her a letter. I couldn't face the music. The letter ended this way: 'I l—— you. I will call Monday.'

"When I called she was ready to receive me. It was a hard task. I told her I was not working, but she only smiled and said: 'You'll have to see my mother.' I never knew what love was until I met Mrs. Donovan, and, by golly! the way it gripped me I couldn't get away from it.

"We got married July 2, 1874—and a happier married life no human being could ask for. Never a word between us. She was so patient and loving!"

CHAPTER VI

A MATCH WITH JIMMY MURRAY

"I PROMISED to tell you of the most remarkable fighter and athlete this country ever produced, and also my fight with Jimmy Murray at Point Erie.

"Before telling of Ned O'Baldwin, the greatest fighter and athlete I ever knew, I will go back to the time when I left St. Louis.

"I came on to New York before going to Philadelphia.

"I made my headquarters at Harry Hill's in East Houston Street. Every Wednesday afternoon it was my custom to meet all comers.

"Many a man I knocked out there. They give others the credit of being the first to knock out a man with the gloves, but it isn't so. I used to knock out my opponents with a right-hand blow to the jaw, the same as is done in the ring at the present time.

"To knock a man out with a blow on the jaw doesn't injure the man at the time or leave any bad effects. There is only one dangerous feature in connection with this blow, and that is the liability of the head striking the ground too hard. Of

course the harder the ground the more danger attached. It is better to stop an opponent with a blow in the stomach, for then he is incapacitated for only a short time. But I was young and thoughtless at this time, and only wanted to dispose of my opponent by the shortest method.

"Teddy Leary, Bryan, Haubren, and many others were defeated at Harry Hill's. I licked Frank McNeil in Geoghan's Hall on First Avenue and Twenty-Fifth Street.

"Oh, I got in with a tough lot of sports those days in New York!

"I remember a certain famous fighter in that district named 'But' Reilly. He was considered the middleweight champion around New York. He was a tough artist. He seldom entered the ring, but street and barroom fights were his long suit. When I was licking all comers at Harry Hill's Reilly got jealous, as he saw his reputation as a fighter going.

"He said I was nothing but a show fighter, and that the next time he caught me on the street he was going to lick me.

"They couldn't induce him to put on the gloves with me, but he made up his mind to meet me on the street. Reilly was a great rough-and-tumble fighter, and he knew he had a better show with me at that game.

"We met one evening at the corner of Broadway and Houston Street. By golly, it was a great scrap!

"I was leaning up against an iron railing, loafing the time away, when up comes Reilly, and before I realized what he was going to do, he nearly threw me over the railing. Those dirty cowards don't care what they do to you, so long as they stop you.

"I was able to save myself, and then we had it out in the street. We were fighting for some time. Reilly found that I wasn't a stranger to the rough-and-tumble style, and also found me as strong as he was.

"The police came and we got away. Later that evening we met in Mike Coburn's saloon, and there we finished it.

"I remember having a big tie around my neck—sort of a scarf. I wanted to be flashy. Reilly grabbed that tie and commenced choking me. He was up to any dirty trick, so I threw him, and, I tell you, I gave him all the dirty rough-and-tumble work he wanted. I licked him well.

"That kind of a fighter is a mean man to tackle. You never know what he is going to do to you.

"I got sick of the gang I traveled with in New York, and, knowing that Ned O'Baldwin was in Philadelphia, I went there.

"After a short time I succeeded in getting a match for the middleweight championship with Jimmy Murray, who then held that title.

"Murray was a wonderful athlete. He could do many things. He could put the shot, and he could also jump backwards further than any man I ever

saw. He could jump backwards ten feet without weights in his hands. He could jump on a bar in a saloon backwards, and jump over a bar frontwards without touching his hands to it.

"I have a painting of him that I would not take a thousand dollars for.

"As soon as Jimmy Murray and I were matched, Ned O'Baldwin and I started around the country giving boxing exhibitions.

"I did my training on the road with Ned. As I remarked before, he was the most wonderful athlete and fighter I have ever seen. He stood six feet six inches in his stockinged feet, weighed two hundred and ten pounds stripped, and was as fast on his feet as a lightweight. I got my idea of footwork from him. He had a large head, high forehead and beautiful black wavy hair.

"Harry Hicken and I would put on the gloves in a room in the hotel, and we would both go for O'Baldwin. Ned would back up into a corner, and I'll be blamed if we could hit him. He would stand us both off, and they were no gentle taps we were giving, but without hitting hard, he would half hit and half shove us off.

" 'Come on, boys, drive me out of this corner,' he would say. But we couldn't do it. I really believe he could have licked three good men at one time. It seemed to be the easiest thing in the world for him to hit two men. He'd hit you anywhere and you'd fall over. He was a big-boned fellow

like Fitzsimmons, but much larger. He was always in condition.

"I have seen him hit men on the top of the head, and they were either knocked insensible or would quit from fear. He did not realize how hard he hit.

"Ned and I fell out. He would drink, and when under the influence he was half insane. Liquor never did any man any good. No one is quite himself if he has only one drink in him, let alone more than he can carry, and Ned would get simply crazy. He got in a fight with another drunken man one night, and the fellow lost his eye. O'Baldwin was sent up for two years.

"I had an opportunity to help him when he was in prison. The doctor of the prison was a pupil of mine, and he was able to get O'Baldwin out of solitary confinement where it was putting him out of condition. He would have been in bad shape. Poor fellow, he got killed two years later! A man in New York shot him. Ned got in bad ways. When he was sober, and in his right senses, he was good-hearted, and a jollier companion you could not wish for. Full of Irish jokes and stories. Could sing or dance a breakdown. He was a great entertainer. He wouldn't have to have a monologue written for him. He could go on the stage and entertain any audience without a moment's preparation.

"After coming out of prison he went to New

York, and there a fellow named Jimmy Nelson, a famous rough-and-tumble fighter of the Eighth Ward, took him to a man named Finley who had a saloon down on West Street. In the basement was a junk shop, where he used to smuggle cigars and whiskies and make a lot of money.

"Finley took O'Baldwin into partnership. He put his name on the lamp outside the door, as was customary in those days, and everything went along in good shape till O'Baldwin got drinking and spending his money along Broadway. He took about all the money Finley had, and then one day, calmly told him he was going to quit him.

"It seems that an old friend from London named Cassidy wanted O'Baldwin to start a roadhouse with him somewhere on Jerome Avenue.

"Finley had heard rumors of this plan, and the night O'Baldwin told him, he merely said:

" 'Going to leave me after all the stock is gone? I think that's an ungrateful thing to do.'

" 'What do I care?' said Ned. This answer cost him his life.

"Finley was livid with anger. 'Then take that.' He shot him in the stomach.

"O'Baldwin grabbed him around the neck, and tried to get the gun away. Jimmy Nelson was lying on a couch in the room. He separated them and assisted Ned to the couch. He said: 'Jimmy, I am gone; I am going to die. Oh, isn't it hard to

die—I am only thirty-three years old! Send for a priest.'

"The rights of the church were administered and he died three days later.

"At last the day I was to fight Jimmy Murray for the middleweight championship arrived. We fought London Prize Ring rules, bare knuckles. It was a brutal fight. It was a chilly morning in May, 1873. We had no luxuries such as the modern boxer indulges in now: comfortable rooms in which to be rubbed down, resting all day and fighting in the afternoon or evening in a well-appointed clubhouse with gloves to protect our hands and take the cut out of our opponent's knuckles.

"No, sirree! We were up very early in the morning so the police would not get after us, and we had no rubdown to warm us up after a restless night. Few men, if any, can sleep the night before a fight because of the nervous tension. You get your sleep about nine or ten o'clock in the morning after a nervous night of tossing.

"The fight took place at Point Erie, a short distance from Philadelphia.

"We didn't pitch a ring, for fear of the police. The crowd of sports that had assembled from various directions formed the ring by grasping fingers with arms folded across the chest.

"I found Murray the hardest-fisted man I ever fought. His blows hurt me, and the scars you can see on my face and forehead now. My lips were

all cut up and my nose was broken. I was awfully punished—blind as a bat for three days afterwards.

"The ring as formed by the crowd broke up after a while, but we fought in about a twenty-four-foot space.

"Barney McMullen was referee. Patty Ryan of Philadelphia and Pete King seconded me. Johnny Clark and one other, I have forgotten his name, seconded Murray.

"Murray weighed about one hundred and fifty-six pounds and I weighed about one hundred and forty-eight. He was eight pounds heavier than I and he was stronger, but I had the endurance. When the fight broke up at the arrival of the police I was as strong and confident as at the beginning. I had youth on my side.

"We were both good long-range fighters, and during the first part of the fight, we confined our attack to outfighting, but as the fight went on we warmed up to it and did considerable infighting. Jimmy was as good an infighter as I.

"One thing, I believe, helped me in this fight. I never could stand anything tight about my legs. I asked Mrs. Carol, my good friend, the boarding house keeper, what I could do about getting rid of the elastics around my stockings, and she fixed it by sewing buttons on them and making buttonholes in my breeches so I had no trouble about the circulation of blood in my legs. That has licked many a man.

"At the commencement of the forty-fourth round somebody yelled 'Police!' I dusted for the tall timber. Some jumped in boats, others ran across country; the crowd scattered in all directions.

"I hid in the woods. As I lay there I could hear them say: 'He is around here somewhere.'

"Finally a big Dutchman found me, and he said:

" 'Here he is,' and he grabbed me.

" 'Don't yank me like that.' I was sore; and Sergeant Moore, whom I met many times afterward, said: 'Let go of that man! He will go along with us.'

"I walked along quietly, and before I got across the river I was as blind as a bat.

"When we arrived at the station house, there was Jimmy Murray. They had caught him too. We were committed to Moyamensing, and were there four days.

"The jailer—I think his name was Dailey—had known me before, and he said when he saw me: 'You're a picture!'

"I said, 'Yes, I suppose so, but I will have to take your word for it. I can't see.'

"Murray and I were being led to a cell when the Headkeeper said: 'Don't put those two men in the same cell.'

"I remarked: 'Why not? We're not bad friends. We had all the fight we wanted this morning.' So they put us together, and we were there for four days.

"Murray took care of me as a mother would have taken care of a sick child. I had caught cold in my eyes and I was helpless. Jimmy would sit by the hour and bathe my eyes with water with a handkerchief he had obtained from the jailer.

"I was dying to get a look at him. On the fourth day I stretched the lid of one of my eyes so I could just peak out, and I closely scanned his face. There I saw lumps standing out all over his face. He had a harder face than I, and yet, during the fight, I couldn't notice that my blows had any effect. It seems that the swelling came afterwards.

"Well, I fell back and laughed heartily, happy as a lord.

" 'What are you laughing at, you swine?' he said.

" 'Jimmy, I'm satisfied,' I replied. 'I did some handiwork, anyway. I thought I had not punished you at all.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'is that what you have been thinking about the last three days I have been caring for you?'

"Murray and I were the best of friends ever after.

"Murray retired after this fight, taking a position in the Boxing and Fencing Club of Philadelphia."

CHAPTER VII

MAKING A REPUTATION

"A Californian named Jim Farrell wired me that they had matched me as an unknown for $5000 against Harry Maynard, who had just arrived from Australia.

"That looked good to me, and away I went. When I arrived they took me to Gilroy Springs so that I would be out of the way, and the Maynard backers would be kept in ignorance.

"It finally leaked out through some men, who knew me, seeing me at the Springs. They knew I was in California to fight, as that was my way of making a living.

"As soon as Jack Staples found out it was Mike Donovan who was the unknown the match was off, for Ernie Staples, Jack's brother, had written him from New York that if ever a man by the name of Mike Donovan came out to the coast to be sure and put your money on him, as he was a fighter.

"The $5,000 was to be put up by Jack Staples and his friends. Arrangements had not been completed, and they had a perfect right to withdraw. So I was left.

"I hadn't any money, so I made arrangements to appear in a theater with Maynard. I received $250 a week and Maynard $100. We had good hard set-tos, but I was eight pounds heavier than Maynard, and of course could best him easily.

"Maynard was a very decent fellow, and we got along well together. We always drew a big crowd.

"It occurred to me that we could form a combination and tour the country. We got together a troupe of sketch artists, clog dancers, song and dance artists, negro sketch artists—a regular vaudeville show. It was a mighty good show, and we made out well, and traveled in California and adjoining States.

"Before going on the road with Maynard I heard that Dwyer was coming to California to fight a fellow by the name of Smith. I wrote him and told him he could lick Smith easily, and to be sure to come. Dwyer suspected that I was the man they were going to put up against him, and he only came as far as St. Louis when he returned East. Smith was the man they intended to match against him at the first, but they got me to box him one night, and he was so easy that the promoters of the fight asked me to meet Dwyer, and they dropped Smith.

"Smith was as strong as a bull but didn't have any skill. He was called 'Big-Neck' Smith, and was known as the toughest rough-and-tumble fighter on the Pacific Coast. We met in Sacramento. The first round I walked up to him and punched

him in the belly with my left hand and on the nose with my right, and he went to his corner. He seemed scared. He came up for another round, and I did the same thing and, by golly, he left the ring. I told the backers he was no man to fight Dwyer. So that was how they came to substitute me.

"As soon as I knew I was to meet Dwyer I went on the road with Maynard, giving our show.

"When we reached Virginia City, Nevada, a local scrapper by the name of Ben Williams was induced to meet me, but he happened to see me lick a friend of his named Costello in one round, and he wouldn't fight me.

"Costello had come up on the stage at my invitation to meet any man in the house, and he got trimmed so quickly that Williams would not fight me.

"I went to see him in a place kept by a Cornish friend of his, and I heard this Cornishman saying to Williams: 'Ben, thee art afraid of him?' Of course Ben was afraid of me. I could have licked him in a punch. I didn't like men that posed on cheap reputations, and Williams was a poser, but he got called that time. He lost his nerve when he heard Costello holler after he had got punched on the nose. I could hit very hard with the left hand, and I let go a straight left on Costello's nose, and that was all he cared for. My work as a caulker had given me a very strong forearm, both left and right.

"The Donovan-Maynard combination returned to San Francisco, and I hung around Frisco to see whether I could pick anything up in the way of a match.

"There was a fellow in town named Frank Crockett. He was heavyweight amateur champion of the Pacific Coast, and he used to work in the same gymnasium with me. I always took good care of myself—working in the gym, out on the road walking and running, smoking only two cigars a day, careful of my eating. I was ready to fight on two days' notice.

"I used to walk out to the Cliff House, six miles, eat my lunch and walk leisurely back. I paid especial attention to my legs. Every other day I would go to the gymnasium.

"Well, this fellow Crockett would come over to me and ask me to box.

" 'No,' I said, 'you're an amateur, and I don't want to go at you hard, and if I don't, you'll get it into your head that you can best me, and that won't do my reputation any good. There is no money in boxing you, and what I want is money. That's the way I make my living. You wouldn't want me to go into your business and injure your reputation, and I don't want you to hurt mine.'

"He talked me into sparring with him, and it turned out just as I thought it would. He got it into his head that he could best me, and didn't hesitate to brag of it.

"My bout with him was an easy one. I principally feinted and did footwork. He got tied in a knot, and could only hit from the elbow. He weighed 196 pounds and stood 5 feet 11 inches.

"At last he took off his gloves, and I asked him whatever made him think he was a fighter. He didn't like that, and I didn't care for him. He was a fresh sort of fellow, and that was the last time we boxed in the gymnasium together.

"When I heard that he had been boasting around I sent word to him that I would fight him any time, anywhere and under any conditions he wished.

"Well, we met and it was easy. He got licked in five minutes of actual fighting. He caught a right-hand swing just above the left eye which cut him, and he quit in the second round.

"Later when John L. Sullivan came out to the coast, Crockett told him that I had butted him. Sullivan and I were not very good friends at that time, but he couldn't stand for that. He saw Crockett was trying to square himself, and he didn't like it.

"In his deep bass voice Sullivan said: 'Donovan wouldn't have to butt you to lick you. He can hit hard. He gave me a tough go in Boston.'

"When I left California, Jack Staples gave me a gold-headed cane and a number of other presents. He was a good friend of mine and a fine fellow—a gentleman and a sportsman. Many times he took me to his club to dinner. At this time I was pre-

sented with the belt for being the middleweight champion of the country. I was ready to fight any middleweight in the world.

"I returned from California, but only got as far as Chicago when I was stopped by a notice that McClellan had arrived in San Francisco and was looking for me.

"A man came through the train asking for Mike Donovan. The brakeman pointed me out.

" 'I am a representative of the *Clipper,*' he said. 'I have just received a telegram from San Francisco to meet you and get you to return for a fight with McClellan.'

" 'I expected,' I said, 'to meet McClellan in Chicago. If he has gone to San Francisco, I'll return; but my expenses must be paid and the purse must be fifteen hundred dollars with a bonus of five hundred.'

"They agreed to everything. I notified them I would be back in California in about three weeks. I sent for my wife and we spent two happy weeks in Chicago.

"My, how patient she always was with me! I was quick, and at times nervous, but she always managed me beautifully. I wanted her to come to San Francisco with me. If she had, I believe I would have been a rich man. I had some good friends among the nicest and wealthiest men of the town, and I know they would have given me opportunities for making money.

"Many men out there became immensely wealthy who were not a bit better educated or better socially than I was.

"My friendship with Ernie Staples in the East gave me a warm friend in his brother Jack, who was a member of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. Both of the Staples are dead. Jack had money and was a fine fellow—democratic and a staunch friend.

"My wife wouldn't go to California with me, as her mother was old and sick, and she wouldn't leave her.

"When I parted from my wife and babies I was pretty well broken up. She kept worrying about my getting hurt and wanted me to quit the fighting game. I told her not to worry. It was my way of making a living, and I would get over the injuries very soon, that if I didn't fight I would have to be a caulker.

" 'You know,' I would say to her, 'any one can be a caulker, but it isn't every one that can fight. I think I'm the best fighter in the country, and if I am I ought to make money at it for you and the babies.'

"Well, that helped some, but she was very downhearted, and it made me feel awfully bad. I wired her from Cheyenne and at various stopping places on my way to Frisco. She answered with encouraging telegrams, and I commenced to feel better.

"On my arrival in San Francisco the arrange-

ments for my meeting McClellan were completed. It was 1879, in August.

"The sporting elements in California at that time were a tricky crowd. They would job you, or what is now called "frame" you, as quick as a wink. They didn't care what they did to prevent you getting their money. Even a state senator, who pretended to be a great friend of mine, threw me down.

"We could not agree on a referee. McClellan wanted Tom Chandler, but I wouldn't have him.

"We decided on Bill Barnes, a noted gambler of good reputation for fairness. I thought he could not afford to do me wrong.

"I wanted to fight Queensberry rules, but McClellan insisted on London Prize Ring. He knew I could lick him at Queensberry rules but felt he had the better of me at the old game on account of his strength and weight. I was not so strong or heavy.

"It was agreed to fight London Prize Ring rules with four inches of loam in the ring. Although they told me several times it would be all right when we came to fight there was no loam. We fought on the hard boards of the stage in Platt's Hall.

"Every time McClellan threw me he hurt me. I would have licked him in short order if it had not been for the wrestling and being thrown on the hard boards.

"I started right after him as soon as time was

called. I dropped him in his corner three times within three minutes. Each time he went down meant half a minute's rest. At the end of the third round he was out over half a minute, but all the sports had money on Mac, so I was out of it. He could have stayed down for half an hour and I wouldn't have got the decision.

"At the commencement of the fourth round I made a left lead, and McClellan, ducking, caught my left leg with his left hand, raised me up on his shoulder and threw me far and hard. Oh, my, how that hurt! The pain was so great that all seemed black. I was carried to my corner. I couldn't use my right hand. Couldn't lift the arm at all. It was dislocated at the shoulder. That was not known till afterwards.

"Toeing the scratch for the fifth round, I carried my right hand in front of me with my thumb stuck in my belt. To get extra force in my left-hand blow I used for the first time in my life—and as I never heard of the blow before, probably the first time it was ever used in the ring—what is known now as the 'shift.' With my left arm extended, I suddenly jumped forward with my right foot first and, twisting my body, caught McClellan on the jaw with my left, knocking him down and practically out, putting him through the ropes. He was carried to his corner, and it was over three minutes before he came to the scratch.

"Time wasn't called and I didn't protest, for I

knew it would do no good. I saw that they had jobbed me, and for me to win I had almost to kill him.

"We fought on and on—it seemed an eternity. Four hours and five minutes—ninety-three rounds. He threw me fifty-three times, and how it did hurt! My poor shoulder was jumping with the pain.

"McClellan became so weak on his legs in the last rounds that all I did was to approach him, and, jabbing him, down he would go.

" 'Look out, Mac,' I would say, 'I'm going to knock you down again.' I would hit him a half punch and half shove, and down he would go.

"The referee saw where he would lose the thousand dollars he had on McClellan, so he called the match a draw.

"I wanted to lick the referee, but what was the use? They were all against me. Even Billie Edwards and Arthur Chambers knew I was being jobbed.

"They were to second me, but refused. Joe Winrow trained and seconded me.

"Arthur Chambers, at the ringside during the fight, made slurring remarks. He and Billie Edwards seconded McClellan.

"Bill Barnes, the 'high-toned' gambler, came near killing me the next day. I found him standing on a corner and went up to him.

" 'If I didn't have this arm in a sling I'd lick you. Your dirty work cheated me out of the fight

last night. You saved your thousand dollars, anyway.'

"Barnes swore at me and reached for his gun.

" 'You big coward. You daren't shoot. You're a big stiff of a gambler.'

"A fellow named Keyes standing by his side grabbed Barnes' hand or I would not be here telling you this tale. I was reckless those days. I wouldn't want to take the chances now I used to take.

"I wanted more money. Cotton, who put up the purse, wanted to beat us out of it. They were a fine lot—the sporting men of California in those days.

"Mr. Scott, the paying teller of the bank, a former pupil of mine, told me the check was stopped.

"I went down to see McClellan. I knew he wasn't a party to that fraud.

"As I came into the room, there was Mac on his knees with a coat over his head leaning over a pail of hot water (steaming his face).

" 'What are you doing, Mac,' said I—'praying?'

" 'No, you bummer. Look what you did to me.'

"He raised his face toward me. He couldn't see. His eyes were closed tight.

"We shook hands and had a hearty laugh.

"After considerable trouble we got our money, and I came East again, but not before I had the satisfaction of challenging any man in California.

Big or little, I'd fight them. They did not like my not barring the heavyweights of California, but I felt sore and would have fought any one. I only weighed one hundred and fifty-six pounds, but I felt I could lick any one in California, whatever weight he was.

"In the fall of 1879 I took Jimmy Elliot with me to give a show in Boston. This is the first time I met John L. Sullivan. We were stopping at Early's Hotel. Early had advertised us in the newspapers, and we were receiving calls from all the sports in Boston.

"One day we were sitting in the tap-room as usual when a man by the name of James Ryan asked me if I would look over a young fellow they called the 'Highland Strong Boy.' Ryan evidently considered me a good judge of a man, and he wanted my opinion. I said: 'Certainly; bring him down.'

"The next day we were sitting in the tap-room when in came Ryan with Sullivan. John L. was then about twenty-two years old—a big, husky young fellow. He looked like a truck driver. His voice was very deep, and with a heavy jaw and a piercing gray eye he presented the picture of a typical fighting man. He hadn't smoked or drank up to that time. He struck me as a good man at once.

"After he had been introduced to me, I said:

"'They tell me you are a pretty strong young fellow.'

"'I don't know,' replied Sullivan, in his sub-cellar voice; 'I guess I'm pretty strong.'

"He certainly looked the part. He seemed to have a grudge against Paddy Ryan of Troy. It seems that Ryan and Goss had given a show in Lawrence, a city near Boston. The bout was pretty lively, and Goss had fallen from a blow. Ryan, in the excitement of the moment, had hit Goss when he was down. Goss wouldn't continue the bout. Sullivan jumped up from his seat in the theater and offered to finish up with Ryan. Ryan wouldn't take him on.

"'You go and get a reputation first,' yelled Ryan.

"This made Sullivan mad, and he wanted to get some pointers from me and then go after Ryan.

"'If you can't lick Ryan,' I told him, 'you can't lick anybody.'

"'Well, I think I am as strong as anybody,' replied Sullivan, 'and as game as anybody, too, but I would like to get some pointers from you.'

"There was a small boil on my arm, which I had foolishly pricked with a pin, and it was commencing to trouble me badly. I was going to take Sullivan to my room and show him a few things, so made an appointment with him to come on Monday.

"Sunday the boil pained me and swelled quite badly. On Monday I was in no condition to put

on the gloves to see how much this husky youth knew, so I asked to be excused.

"I remained in Early's place for two weeks till my arm got well. Then Elliot and I went to Providence for a week's engagement. We then returned to New York. My arm troubled me terribly, and if I hadn't had the constitution of an ox it would have killed me. The pin with which I had pricked the boil had given me blood-poisoning.

"During the time Elliot and I were in Boston Sullivan said he would like to box with anybody in the show. I asked Elliot to put him on, but he refused. Sullivan always remembered this against Elliot.

" 'Maybe,' remarked Sullivan, 'they will all be glad to put my name on the bill some day.'

"He certainly made good in this respect, later on in his career, as we all well know.

"A short time after this Sullivan and Dan Dwyer got an engagement to box in a ten-cent museum on Washington Street. I had returned to Boston by this time, and Elliot and I went to see the bout. It was perfectly apparent to me that Sullivan had the makings of a good man, and I told Elliot that some day we would hear from him. Nobody seemed to pay any particular attention to him.

"George Rook had been matched to fight me for the middleweight championship belt which I held. He was in England at the time and was on his way over to meet me and make arrangements. I re-

turned to New York and we met and settled the conditions.

"Rook insisted upon fighting with the bare knuckles. He wanted to fight in Canada; that was the only convenient place where we could fight with bare knuckles, and the stakes to be a thousand dollars a side.

"I wanted to use the gloves and have the contest take place in a hall where we could draw a big crowd and make money. No, he wouldn't have it. He wouldn't fight any way but with bare knuckles. He seemed to think I was afraid to fight him with bare knuckles, so I let it go at that, and the match was foolishly made to go away up to Canada and to be fought without gloves.

"As soon as the details were arranged, I returned to the Howard Atheneum to box for two weeks at $250 per. This is the time I met Sullivan in the ring.

"Elliot wouldn't come to Boston this time. At our last engagement in Providence we had a rough go one evening and he had got the worst of it, so he wouldn't come on this time. It was Elliot's fault about the Providence affair. He was near-sighted and I would continually come in close so he could see me and hit me. I didn't try feinting or footwork with him. Well, one time when I was in close to him, he grabbed me around the neck and hit me a terrible wallop with his right hand on the left temple. I went down on my knee like a

shot. It was the first time I had ever been hit on the temple. It was a tough blow. I got up and sailed into Elliott good and plenty. We had it, rough-house, all over the stage, and Elliot came out second best. He quit, and that's why he wouldn't come to Boston.

"I had a fellow named Tommy Drone who boxed with me matinées and evenings. He was a fancy boxer, and we gave a good exhibition. Drone was a very nice fellow, and we got along well together. He didn't try any fresh business, but was on the level.

"It was the custom at that time to wind up on Friday nights with some boxer of local reputation, who generally got ten dollars for appearing. It struck me that Sullivan would be a good man, so I asked him, and he seemed glad of the opportunity. I told him I would take him on to New York, February 25th, 1880, and bring him to the front and show him how to train during my training and explain all the fine points of the game.

"Sullivan saw his opportunity and made up his mind to give me a fight. I heard he intended to go at me, so when we got in the ring, after time was called, I went right at him. I punched him in the belly and brought my right over hard, but it didn't feaze him. He came at me with his arms going like a windmill. It was evident Sullivan was not afraid of me, and I surely was not afraid of him. At that time I felt I could lick anybody. I con-

sidered myself as good as Sayers, or Mace, or any one. I had that feeling of confidence because I had beaten so many big men.

"The bout hadn't been going more than a minute when I saw I had my hands full. Here was a young fellow 22 years of age with wonderful strength and agility; in perfect condition; never having smoked nor drank, and with the fighting temperament; big and husky, 185 to 190 pounds, and I only 154 pounds, and smaller in build. I tell you it was a fight. Tired? My, I was never so tired in my life. Fortunately for me the pace was so fast he was tired too, and mighty tired. I had to step very lively and box very fast.

"In the 3rd round I tried to knock him out.

"I let go with the right hand all my might, swinging for his jaw. I missed and caught him on the cheek bone; my fist being somewhat sideways, I landed the blow in such a manner that I received a bad fracture of the bones of my hand and also a dislocation.

"At the end of the third round we went to our corners and I knew my right hand was gone, and that I would have to depend entirely upon my left.

"At the call of time I bounded to the center of the ring (that's as far as I ever got with Sullivan—he would meet me in the center every time) and we went at it hammer and tongs again. He'll never forget that bout and neither will I. He would push me all around the ring. Up

against the stage scenery, and around and around we went. I kept jabbing him with my left, and he commenced to tire fast. Of course, his skill was not equal to mine, neither was his ring experience. If he had been through what I had, and had known what I had come to know through many hard fights, I wouldn't have been in it with him. His weight and strength would have been too much for me. He stopped before time was called and said to me:

" 'That will do,' and walked off the stage.

"I walked over to my corner and asked Drone to hand me my belt. My right hand being broken, I could not grasp the belt very well, but I threw it around my body, holding it with my left hand and right elbow. Facing the spectators, I called out:

" 'Well, here I am but I don't see the "Highland Strong Boy." '

"I was very mad because I had broken my hand on a man of no reputation, and had a match to hold the Championship belt against Rook. This incident was the cause of much ill-feeling between Sullivan and me for a number of years. I have related this contest exactly as it occurred. I claim no credit, but am only stating facts.

"I had $250 posted as forfeit to fight Rook and here I was with a broken hand. I felt pretty badly but tried to make the best of it.

"A reporter from the Boston *Sporting World* came into Early's bar the next day, and they all

wanted to know what I thought of Sullivan. I told them that I considered him the coming man, as I didn't see any one in sight he couldn't lick. Ryan, Elliot and Dwyer would have no living chance with him, and Mace, Goss and Allen were too old.

"Dave Blanchard, one of the rich sporting men of Boston, seeing my hand was broken, slipped me a one hundred dollar bill. It was mighty nice of him. In speaking to me of the bout with Sullivan, he asked me what I thought of him.

" 'He gave me an awful fight,' I said, 'and if he will take care of himself he is sure to beat them all.'

"Every sporting man in Boston seemed to want my opinion of Sullivan. They knew I was a good judge of a fighter, and as I had boxed with him, they knew I had a line on him. I told the same opinion to all—that I considered him the coming man.

"About eleven o'clock Sullivan called on me to get the money he earned the night before. I was mighty sore about my broken hand, so I imagine I was not over cordial with my greeting.

"As we were walking down to the theater I said to Sullivan:

" 'You know I am matched to fight George Rook with the bare knuckles in Canada, and last night I broke my hand on you. If I can't fight will you take my place if I can get you backed?'

" 'Yes, I'll be glad to,' said Sullivan with his

gruff voice. And he certainly was glad of the opportunity, and he felt that I had a good opinion of him.

"I finished my engagement at the Howard that night sparring with one hand.

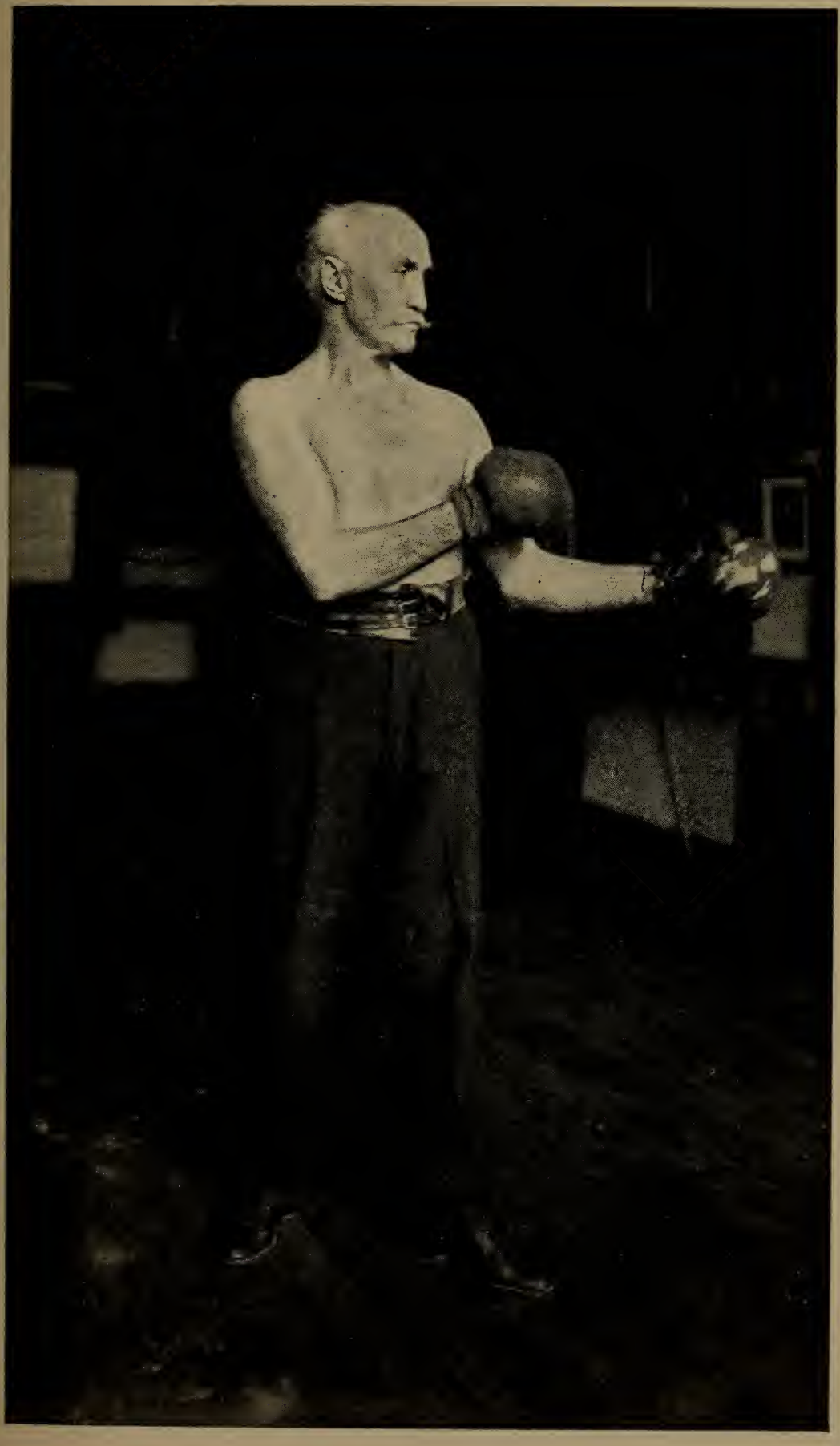
"Thinking my hand would get well before the fight with Rook, which was to take place on May 11th, I went into training. I got Billy Madden as trainer and we went to Far Rockaway. One day I was walking down the Coney Island Boulevard when I met Joe Goss, who was training to fight Paddy Ryan. Goss was in the same training camp as Rook, and I didn't want him to tell Rook of my broken hand. Goss saw it bandaged up and said to me:

" 'What's the matter with your hand, my boy?'

" 'I broke it on a husky young fellow named Sullivan in Boston, but don't you tell that fellow you are training with.'

" 'No, my boy,' said Goss, 'you have my best wishes, and I hope you will win, but what about this chap Sullivan? Will he be good enough card for me to wind up with at the show I'm going to give in Boston shortly?'

" 'Say,' said I, 'Boston is crazy about him. They think he's a world beater, but you had better look out, he'll give you the fight of your life. If you take him on, be careful or he'll knock you out. You can't lead carelessly for his stomach; he will chop you on the back of the neck with his



The Making of a Man

right hand and you will go down. So be careful.'

"'I'll take care of him, all right, me boy, never fear,' said Goss.

"Barney Aaron made the arrangements for Sullivan to meet Goss. He got the Music Hall in Boston, and advertised the bout all over Boston and vicinity.

"They drew a big crowd. I went over to Boston to see them box. In the first round Goss made the lead for Sullivan's stomach with his left in a careless way with his head down, and Sullivan landed that chopping blow with his powerful right hand on the back of Goss's head, and down went Goss badly dazed. They brought him around in a few minutes, and they started to spar again. Tommy Denny, a prominent sporting man of Boston, asked Sullivan to let up on Goss and not knock him out again, so Sullivan just tapped and played with Goss after that.

"After the show Goss said to me: 'God bli me, 'ow did he 'it me anyway? I thought a telegraph pole had 'it me.'

"'I warned you to look out for that blow and that was the one he landed on you.'

"'It was an awful one,' said Goss.

"I returned to Far Rockaway the next day, and told them all about Sullivan. Ryan didn't like the way I spoke, and we nearly had a row about it. He walked up and down the bar one day, and said he could lick any man on earth, and as I was

still on the earth, I called him but he decided not to take my challenge, and the row passed. I wouldn't have cared much if I had broken my other hand on Ryan, as my right hand was no good and I was feeling very badly about it.

"After Goss got knocked out by Sullivan, Ryan canceled an engagement to give a show in Boston winding up with Sullivan. He had paid a hundred dollars' forfeit on the hall and wired to cancel the date, and he went to Troy and gave an exhibition there.

"On May 10th, 1880, I went to Erie, Pennsylvania, to cross the Lake to Canada to meet Rook the next morning at a place where Morrissey defeated Heenan—Long Point.

"Rook and I weighed in the night before. I was feeling bad about the weakened condition of my right hand. It was far from strong. I had offered Rook's backer $250 if he would allow me to wear a light leather brace on my hand but he refused.

"We stripped for weighing. When Rook was on the scales I looked at his back. He had trained down to 152¾ pounds—I was 151½. But Rook was a much bigger man than I was, and he looked weak at that weight.

"As soon as I saw him I knew he was too fine, and I told my brother Jerry I was all right now. I wasn't worried about my right hand. I wouldn't need it. I could lick Rook with the left. I felt

bully when I saw how thin he looked, and as he got off the scales, I took him by the arm and, shoving him around quite vigorously, I said: 'Rook, you look hungry. What's the matter?' He half fell back and mumbled something about being strong enough to-morrow. I tell you I was happy when I saw Rook's condition.

"That night, before weighing in, John Donaldson and I were sitting in a park under a tree talking, when two men, in walking around, passed our bench several times, and we heard them as they went by.

" 'I tell you he's clever. They say he's as fast as lightning.' We looked closely and saw it was Rook talking to some friend.

"By golly! it made me feel good to know Rook was worrying, and it gave me a line on how to go at him in the morning. There is a great nervous strain just before a fight. Every one feels it, and to find Rook worrying, eased me greatly. Jimmy Wakely had met me and tipped me off on several things, so I felt much encouraged, notwithstanding I had practically lost the use of my right hand.

"The next day we went down to the wharf, and as we were standing around Rook walked on to the dock with half a chicken in one hand and a big piece of bread in the other. He was eating it ravenously. The sight of a man loading up his stomach two hours before a fight made me laugh. I told some of my friends I would make him give

back that chicken before he had been fighting long.

"Johnny Staunton, a friend of Jerry's and mine, gave us his tug boat in which to cross the lake. The Rook party had hired a big tug and took quite a crowd.

"At eleven o'clock we arrived at Long Point, and the Rook party started ashore to pitch the ring. Several men walked up to them and asked what they were going to do.

" 'We're going to have a fight here, old man, and we hope you'll like it.'

" 'Not here, my boy,' came back the reply. 'You can't hold any fights in Canada.'

" 'Who are you?'

" 'I'm the sheriff, and this is my posse, and if we are not enough, that boat out there is full of soldiers, and they will train their grape and cannister on you and blow you all to pieces.'

"That was right. There the soldiers were; we hadn't noticed them before. We quit, and went leisurely down the coast, but everywhere we went those soldiers followed, so we turned for Buffalo.

"Barney Aaron said that, as we couldn't fight, they were going to claim the stakes. Jerry and I thought that was a good joke; it almost made us laugh."

CHAPTER VIII

AN ENCOUNTER WITH SULLIVAN

"When we heard they would not allow us to fight, we returned to Buffalo. The next morning the Rook party came on from Erie, and we met at a certain sporting rendezvous again to decide where we were to pull off the fight. In the meantime, the chief of police of Buffalo, Billy Wolfe, hearing that we had met and were considering to fight at Buffalo, sent for Jerry. They had been ship-caulkers together and were old friends. The chief told Jerry that if the fight were pulled off in Buffalo, he would send every man that he caught to the work-house for six months.

" 'I don't like to do it, but I am chief of police in Buffalo, and it's my duty. So, Jerry, I warn you, and I want you to tell all your friends that I mean business.'

" 'Billy,' replied Jerry, 'we will not attempt it. We will go back to New York. Anyway, these other fellows are only making a bluff. We are certain that Rook does not want to fight. We think he is afraid of Mike.'

"I told Rook we could have a glove fight in New

York if he would accept my challenge, but he was by no means anxious.

"'If you think you can defeat me with the fists you ought to be able to best me with the gloves,' I remarked to him.

"But he made no effort to clinch the match.

"I forgot to tell about the difficult time I had in getting Rook on the scales to weigh in according to agreement. The signed articles of agreement called for 154 pounds at nine o'clock on the night before the fight.

"'Rook's weight,' said Billy Boist, his backer, 'is all right.'

"Billy and I were friendly, but as they had not given me permission to wear a small leather brace on my hand, I decided to make Rook get on the scales.

"Rook was trying to get out of it, and made some remarks I did not fancy. I spoke to him sharply, and one word leading to another, we both became quite excited. Throwing off my coat, I offered to fight him then and there. I felt in my heart that Rook was not anxious to fight me and it made me mad. Billy Boist jumped in between us, so nothing happened. Rook had to strip and weigh in.

"After all our trouble, we were unable to pull off the fight. So we all started for New York City. Jerry and I were very anxious to get to the city first, as some of the newspaper men who were

following us had been sending false reports to the city papers, and we wanted to tell the correct story to Mr. John Scanlon, who was the stake-holder.

"Jerry and I arrived at Mr. Scanlon's hotel the next morning in time for breakfast. I refused his invitation to eat with him, as I said I was anxious to get home and eat breakfast with my wife and babies. I knew they were eagerly awaiting my return, and I was just as eager to see them.

"I told Mr. Scanlon the whole story just as it occurred, relating how we did our best to pull off the fight on the Canadian shore, and how the soldiers following us in a boat prevented us. He was satisfied, and expressed surprise that the papers had reported such false news. I felt that the reporters were not giving us the square deal, and I told Mr. Scanlon that I had done my best to stop the lies coming to New York, but I seemed unable to prevent it. I even grabbed one of the reporters whom I knew was writing against me, and, taking him by the coat collar, I forced him into a telegraph office and made him send a correct version of the fight while I waited with him. I didn't succeed even then, for as soon as I left him, he rounded on me and countermanded the telegram, wiring that he was forced to send it or take a licking from me, which was the first and only truth he had related about the whole proceeding. His name was Billy Harding. He was with the other side, and treated me in a shabby and deceitful manner.

"I returned to my wife and babies all right, and as the hot weather was coming on, we went to the country, and I rested for the summer.

"In the early fall I met Ed McGlinchy in Bridgeport, Conn. I bested him in four rounds. I met him again in Turner Hall, New York City; I beat him in three rounds that time. He was a noted amateur middleweight. He became a professional to box me.

"In the winter of '81 I met Rook at the Terrace Garden. He weighed 185 pounds. I was foolish to concede so much weight. I weighed 154 pounds, but I felt that I could best him, as I knew that I had the Indian sign on him. So we met before a large crowd, and with but very little difficulty, I bested him in three rounds. He was not satisfied, and we met again in Madison Square Garden a month later. He gave me $100 to meet him at his benefit, and I stopped him in two rounds. I dropped him to his knees. He deliberately got up and walked out of the ring and went to his dressing room. I was the winner. I went to the dressing room, and he was talking in an incoherent way. I had hit him on the jaw and it affected his brain.

"I said: 'Hello, what's the matter with you? I did you again,' and we came near having it out once more in the dressing room. He was only a bluff anyway.

"I had an opportunity to box with Sullivan in

Boston at the Music Hall. I was mighty glad to get this chance because I wanted another go with him. When I arrived in Boston I found that Sullivan was weighing over 200 pounds and I weighed 154 pounds. He had grown fleshier since I first met him. He was then 185, but I knew that he must be slower, and I felt that I could keep out of his way and give him all he wanted. He came at me like a wild bull, but he was so slow that he could hardly get out of his own way, let alone mine. I stood almost toe to toe with him at times because I thought it would be safer to keep close to him, as there were no stakes around the stage and I had to keep away from the end of the stage or he would have thrown me into the audience. I stayed in the middle of the ring and ducked most of his blows.

"He said to me when we were boxing: 'I am better now than I was last year.'

"I told him: 'You're not as good.'

"He'd swing at me and miss by a mile. His left hand didn't amount to much. I told him: 'You might as well cut that left paw of yours off. That's the joker I am looking after' (pointing toward his right hand). And over she'd come and under I'd go. I ducked under him every time. He never hit me a clean blow in the whole bout. He tried to hit me, chopping and swinging. This fight took place on the 22nd of March, 1881. The Boston *Globe* of that day gives me credit for hav-

ing bested him. I thought once I had a chance to put him out, and I swung on his jaw and just grazed him. I fell in an awkward manner and my leg gave way. I'd have broken my leg if I had not been a very quick stepper. I rolled over and straightened my leg. I was getting up slowly, when he jumped in and uppercut me. I ducked, and he just grazed my head. I jumped up and was right at him. I was mad all the way through. He was more tired than I was, and I commenced to mix it up with him, giving him hit for hit. A policeman jumped in and stopped the bout. I went to my dressing room. Well, I heard hissing, and hissing, and I did not know what was the matter, and there was Sullivan trying to talk. I was a favorite in Boston.

"I came out to listen while they were hissing. They hissed for ten minutes. They would not allow him to talk. They guyed him all over the place. He came back in the dressing room and swore at me. I said: 'You're a big stiff.' I called him names, and he made several bluffs at me. I told him he could see that I was not afraid of him, as I had fought him toe to toe and still he could not hit me.

"I said to him: 'Sullivan, if you hit me, you will fool yourself. Come on and let her go.'

"I knew he could not hit me the first punch anyway. He was so big and strong that he thought that he could lick anything on earth. If he

had been good, with his weight and strength, he ought to have been able to lick me easily. He had one punch and that was a right-hand swing. The Secretary to the Police Commissioner said: 'Sullivan, you have been the means of stopping boxing in Boston. When strangers come to Boston, we like to treat them right.' And the next day the commissioners had a meeting and stopped boxing and there was not a show in Boston for three years after.

"It was because Sullivan uppercut me when I was down on my knees. He afterwards told people that I fell down.

"When I met him later I asked him why he said that about me, and he said that Mat Denning made him say it. After the fight that evening I went to Patsy Sheppard's place and met some friends, and while we were drinking at the bar Sullivan came in. There were a lot of students from Harvard there, and a large crowd in the place. Sullivan said he came in to lick somebody that night. One of the students asked me if I had heard what Sullivan said, and I told him I had, and that I was ready for him. I stood at the bar and put my elbows on the bar. Sullivan, when he saw me, was a little ashamed of himself. He did not want to make a sudden attack on me, but he came there to lick me, and he thought he'd scare me. Duncan Ross was there and took hold of him. But Sullivan tore away from him, and then he grabbed a

young fellow who was a wrestler, and this fellow threw Sullivan on the floor. That woke him up, and, in an off-hand sort of way, he said to the young wrestler, 'You're a fine young fellow,' which was very good-natured of Sullivan. He was an impetuous sort of chap, and would change from one mood to another very quickly. Well, we broke up the party that night without any damage being done to anybody.

"The next morning I went out and took a walk and returned at 8:30 to have my breakfast. As I walked in, Sullivan stood at the door and said to me in a gruff voice: 'Hello!' He was prompted to do that by some mutual friends. He must have felt ashamed of the treatment he gave me the night before. He came over in his gruff way and supposed that 'Hello!' was a satisfactory apology for me. I did not take it in that way, as he did not appear to address me in a friendly tone. So I passed him without paying any attention to him. I went into the dining room and had my breakfast, and Dave Blanchard, a very prominent sporting man in Boston, came in and suggested that I go on the road with Sullivan. I told him I could not get along with him.

" 'Oh, well,' he said, 'you can tone him down, and he will listen to you.'

"He said: 'You come over to Joe Goss's place and we'll see him. He is over there.' So after breakfast we went over there. There was a big

crowd around, a lot of hangers-on. Blanchard called the crowd up to have a drink, and said to Joe Goss: 'I brought Mike over to make up with John.' Goss did not want Sullivan to leave Boston, as he was one of the drawing cards of the place, and it made him jealous of me to think that I was going to take him away from Boston, so he said: 'Mr. Blanchard, I cawn't help it any. I cawn't do anything.'

"I said: 'Never mind, Dave, I don't care.'

"I called everybody up to drink, and while we were there at the bar Mr. Blanchard had a talk with Sullivan, and Sullivan told him that he went over to see me at the hotel in the morning and said 'Hello!' but I wouldn't speak to him. That was the first time I knew that he came over in a friendly manner. He was such a gruff customer that I did not recognize any friendly spirit behind that growling voice of his when he said 'Hello!' to me. Mr. Blanchard did the best he could to bring us together but Sullivan thought that I had treated him badly, and I knew mighty well he had treated me badly, so we did not come together, and I left Boston thoroughly disgusted with the incident. Blanchard was a fine type of a Yankee. He was a sporting man of Boston, and owned a clubhouse there, where men of good standing would come and play faro and other games of chance. He was a good square fellow, and endeavored to give everybody a square deal.

"For a number of months after my contest with Sullivan in Boston I had boxing engagements in the various theaters in New York and Philadelphia. I boxed Steve Taylor and Gene McGinty and a number of other lesser lights. Steve Taylor was the champion of the State of New Jersey. He used to box with Sullivan. He was a heavyweight. I got $100 a week sparring at these various places, and I was able to support my wife and family, who were living in Brooklyn very comfortably. A good many of the bouts took place at the Palace, 27th St., between 6th & 7th Ave.

"The money I made at the fighting game was earned by strenuous effort, and it was a hard life at best. Some Wall Street men who admired my boxing very much suggested to me to take some pupils. Mr. E. A. Drake particularly advised me to go into the teaching game. I started with Mr. Drake and Mr. Billy Murray and several others whom they got for me in a private house near Nassau Street, and there I began to give lessons. They were all delighted with my method of teaching boxing. It was so different from the rest. I taught men the scientific use of their hands; the other boxing teachers used to teach them how to slug and get slugged, and that was about all they seemed to be able to convey to their pupils. Some men who were jealous of me reported that I, too, slugged my pupils, but Mr. Drake went out of his way to convince people that I was not a slugger,

but that I excelled anybody that he had ever taken lessons from. After a while Mr. A. V. DeGoicouria came, and he was a remarkably fine boxer, and we had many a good bout with the gloves. Mr. Jimmy Gladwin came up one afternoon and told me that he had come to box with me to test me out and see what my methods were. He said that if they were satisfactory to him he knew of a number of Wall Street men who wanted to take boxing lessons. I knew Mr. Gladwin only slightly. I had a nodding acquaintance with him, but when he came into my room and was so straightforward in his manner I was very pleased to give him a sample of my instructions. I told him that I knew he was a fighter, but that I would have to box with him first to see if I could teach him anything. So we stripped and put on the gloves, and had a mighty interesting bout. Gladwin was a fighter and I had to step lively and punch hard. He had a very strong left hand. I would not let him land on me. I would often stand in close to him and, guarding, I would slip in a few body punches. We had several mixups, and it was altogether a very satisfactory set-to. He was delighted with it and said that he wanted to take boxing lessons from me, and would get all his friends to come up. So I put him through my rudiments of boxing and he was very well pleased with my methods. The next day Mr. Nestor DeGoicouria and Alfred DeGoicouria came with

Mr. Gladwin for lessons, and they returned to the Stock Exchange next day and said: 'We have found a Bonanza,' and that was the beginning of my teaching in New York. I had as my first students Herman Oelrichs, Dick Halstead, Al Wheeler, Benny Williams, Charlie Coster, George Vanderpool, J. M. Emory. In 1883 I made $2500 in giving lessons. I used to charge $25 for 12 lessons and they were glad to pay it.

"After awhile the fever came on me again to box, and I challenged Walter Watson, the man that taught Jim Corbett. He weighed 185 pounds, a heavyweight man. I never weighed more than 156 pounds. Before I took on Walter Watson, I had a match with Jack Welch in Philadelphia. I bested him in five rounds, and on the following Monday night my boxing contest with Watson at Turner Hall on the Bowery took place. I defeated him in seven rounds. Jimmy Mallon, Herman Oelrichs and a crowd of my friends were behind the stage. We fought with 4-ounce gloves. My friends did not want me to box Watson, but I felt confident that I could defeat him, although I knew that if Watson had defeated me, I would probably lose a good many pupils, and I was anxious to become the boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club, so I risked quite a little. However, I won and that decided the issue.

"I became Boxing instructor at the New York Athletic Club in 1884.

"The position of instructor in boxing in such an organization as the New York Athletic Club naturally brought me in contact with a type of man that was far superior to what I had been accustomed. Many warm friends have I made among the best clubmen that, otherwise, I might not have had the opportunity to meet on such a familiar footing."

[As the Professor modestly said this, I remembered the many pleasant evenings that had been passed in the boxing room of the old club house in 55th St. Often have many of us walked in upon Mike to find him the center of a group of old-time amateur boxers and prominent clubmen—relating his many experiences and, patiently and interestedly, listening to the many-times-told tales of prowess of his numerous friends. Those were enjoyable evenings. Mike, being a diplomat of wide experience and natural instinct, made the time pass most pleasantly for all.

[Speaking of the Professor's extended acquaintance with prominent men throughout the country, reminded me of an incident which happened a number of years ago. Mike was spending a week end with me on Long Island. Sunday afternoon in driving around the country in an automobile, we passed through a village noted as one of the most fashionable seaside resorts in the East. Mike seemed to know everybody or rather everybody seemed to know Mike. He was greeted most cor-

dially on all sides. The old veteran responded heartily. It was a pleasing sight to see the affectionate manner exhibited by his many friends.]

"Newspaper men often interviewed me with regard to many prominent events, looking for my opinion and ideas. A representative of the Cleveland syndicate called at the club one day and asked me what I thought of the bout between Sullivan and Mitchell at Madison Square Garden.

"This syndicate included a great many papers, and I knew the interview would be widely circulated. I told the truth.

"I felt that Mitchell had received a raw deal by the police. Captain Williams stopped the bout, probably thinking Mitchell was in danger of being injured. Mitchell was not hurt and wanted to go on. Mitchell had knocked Sullivan down with a straight left-hand punch that landed on the jaw, and Sullivan, jumping up, rushed at him and with a half hit and shove pushed him over the ropes. Mitchell came back with a bound, but as he started for Sullivan, Captain Williams put out his club and would not permit him to box. Mitchell was no more injured than if he had not been in the ring. Shoving a man over the ropes was a great trick with Sullivan. I had seen him do it before.

"Mitchell in the dressing room afterwards walked up to Sullivan, who was sitting in a chair perspiring and pretty well played out, and said:

" 'Look here, Sullivan, I'd lick you with the raw ones if you'd fight.'

"Sullivan growled, made a gruff reply, and made as if he were going to spring at him, but he never left his seat. Then Mitchell came forward, and holding his hands in the position of a boxer, he put his left fist on Sullivan's nose and said:

" 'I'll fight you right here. Get up and fight.'

"Sullivan never moved. Captain Williams walked over to Mitchell and told him if he didn't go to his dressing room he would arrest him. Mitchell protested that he had received a raw deal all around, and he left the room.

"Sullivan looked up at me and said:

" 'What do you think of that duck?'

"I did not reply. If Sullivan had only known what I thought of him at that time, standing for the conduct and insults of Mitchell, he would not have felt very proud.

"I went to Sullivan's hotel about half an hour afterward and found him lying on a bed, with a man on each side of him, fanning him!

"There was a very popular man from Boston named John Shay in the room who asked me quietly what chance, in my opinion, would Sullivan have had with the big fellow, meaning Ned O'Baldwin. I had to be careful what I said. I told him Sullivan and I had not been friendly for a long time and I did not care to give my opinion. He pressed me still further and then I replied:

"'Wouldn't it look very funny to you if you saw Ned O'Baldwin lying there in bed, being fanned three quarters of an hour after the bout with a little fellow like Mitchell?'"

CHAPTER IX

THE SULLIVAN-KILRAIN FIGHT

"As boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club I was continually brought in intimate personal contact with representative men of the city. They respected and honored me and I tried to repay them with hard and conscientious work and with my loyalty and affection. My life was indeed laid in paths of pleasantness, comfort and comparative peace and gentleness. I use the term 'comparative' advisedly. Many a hard battle I have fought with the strong men of the club who seemed anxious to prove to me their affectionate regard and appreciation of my painstaking instruction by trying their best to put the professor away.

" 'Let's go up and lick Mike,' was a favorite expression of a few of my pupils—all in a friendly way, but none the less strenuous.

"Up they would come from the café, and at times, I would have several hard goes, one after the other. At this period I was in my prime, but I found it difficult to protect myself, and at the same time not punish the pupil too badly. However, there was no serious damage done and we all had a good time and it brought us closer together.

"During the winter of 1882, two years before I entered the club, I boxed McClellan at the Racquet Club. It was on the occasion of a birthday party given to Mr. William Travers. In the afternoon there had been an athletic entertainment in the club rooms before members with their friends, both men and women. Billy Edwards boxed with Arthur Chambers and I boxed with Mr. James Gladwin. After I had finished my part in the affair, I returned to my academy, not imagining that I was to be called upon to appear again in the evening. I received a message from Mr. Herman Oelrichs to return to the club. When I arrived he asked me whether I would fight McClellan to a finish for $100 that night in the club.

"I replied: 'No, by no means would I fight McClellan to a finish for a $100.'

" 'Why,' he said, 'are you afraid of him?'

" 'No, certainly not,' I replied, 'but I am not foolish. A fight to a finish means a serious struggle, and I would not do it for a hundred dollars. I will fight him for, say, five or six rounds for $100.'

"We agreed on this, and Mr. Oelrichs sent for McClellan. The conditions were agreeable to him, so we had six rounds of hard fast boxing. I did not try to knock him out, but it was my fight all right.

"In the year 1889 John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain were matched to fight for the heavyweight

championship of the world—the fight to take place near New Orleans. Richard K. Fox was one of the backers of Kilrain. He sent for me, as he had heard that I was the right man to look after Kilrain, since I had so many friends in New Orleans.

"When he offered me the position of second to Kilrain, I refused, feeling that they could not afford to pay me for the trouble. I was the instructor at the New York Athletic Club, and had a good berth, and was not anxious to get mixed up with the affair. I told Fox that I had no particular interest in the event, and that it would be hard work and lots of trouble, and my price would be more than he could afford to pay.

" 'How much do you want?'

" '$2,500 and my expenses; not a cent less.'

" 'Oh, I could not pay you that.'

" 'You can't get me then.' I went back to the club. The next day I got a message to come down to see Fox again. He went over Kilrain's expenses and we estimated mine at $250. The match was for $10,000 a side. He couldn't afford to pay me $2500 and I told him so. He offered me $1200 and expenses.

" 'Well,' I said, 'I'll go back and think it over and let you know in the morning.'

"I consulted with several of my friends at the club, and they all said, 'That's all right, $1200. Easy money, Mike.' So I accepted the job. And I tell you it was some job. Before I got through

with it I had earned my money twice over. It was tough—keeping my friends in New Orleans from killing my enemies, and protecting my friends from the North from getting killed by some of the ready shooters of the South. These men I either knew personally or indirectly. Killing seemed to be in the very air we breathed. There were men in New Orleans before and after that brutal fight at Richburg that thought no more of killing a man than we would think of killing a mosquito. It was a terrible atmosphere for any one to live in. Why, here's where old psychology comes in. The influence of the thought of killing—that is, the way I heard on all sides about this man going to kill that man and another laying in wait for some other man to kill him—so affected me that toward the last of my stay in the South it was all I could do to resist the thought to buy a gun and kill a certain man who had done some mean trick to me. As I think of it now it frightens me; to think how near I came to killing a man deliberately in cold blood. I tell you, we all of us have to watch carefully our habits of thought. It is really a process of daily thinking that makes us either good or bad.

"Several weeks before the fight I went down to New Orleans to feel the people out. There was a strong impression in the North that Kilrain would not get a square deal. Some of my best friends on earth were in New Orleans and they were invaluable to me. Chief Hennessey stood by me like a

brick. Several times he and—— (I forget the name of the other man) took their lives in their hands to protect me. Chief Hennessey only a few years after that was shot by the Mafia. He feared nothing and fought the ring, comprised of the members of the Mafia, just as fearlessly as he would a single man. They got him, but his friends in New Orleans, two lawyers, Parkinson and Wyckliff, wiped them out. You remember the story of how the jury were afraid to convict these men of the Mafia, and after they had disagreed and the murderers were still in prison, Parkinson and Wyckliff led a mob, and, battering down the doors of the jail, shot all the Mafia in that prison.

"Two days before the fight Kilrain came south. I met him 75 miles away from the city. Charlie Mitchell, champion heavyweight of England, was with him. He was to be his other second. When we arrived in the city we were well received and were escorted to the Southern Athletic Club, where I made my headquarters. We were treated splendidly.

"Mitchell was a very aggressive personality, and continually kept putting himself to the front. It got on my nerve to see him everlastingly forcing himself into the limelight. He would do all the talking for Kilrain, and lorded it over him at every opportunity. At last I spoke to Kilrain and told him he shouldn't let Mitchell act like that.

" 'Wait until the fight is over, Mike,' said Jake. 'It will be different then.'

"Kilrain was a very quiet and unassuming chap. He didn't have that swaggering, brazen manner of Mitchell. He was as game as a fighting cock but very modest.

"An exasperating thing happened to me on my journey to the fighting grounds at Richburg. It was all on account of the distorted idea Mitchell had of his own importance, and also his desire to play to the grand stand. He wanted to make people think that the authorities were after him. So he took a carriage and drove down a few blocks with Kilrain and boarded the special train that was provided for us. He should have come through the station where Johnny Murphy and I were waiting for Jake and him to pass.

"We saw Sullivan come striding through followed by his party. He wasn't afraid of arrest, neither were we, but foxy Mitchell thought he would do something fancy. So Murphy and I waited and waited for Kilrain and Mitchell. At last we heard the special train had gone. I tried my best to hire a locomotive and catch the train, but I could not secure one.

"We were compelled to wait until nearly one o'clock that night. There we had all his baggage and his food—cold chicken and other good things. It was very provoking. We didn't arrive till the following morning.

"I was also anxious to be with Kilrain while he was on the same train with Sullivan, as a fighter is always nervous before a battle. That is natural —it is human. Sullivan was the champion of the world, and the mental strain was much greater on Kilrain than Sullivan. I knew the necessity of keeping a man's heart up under such conditions, and I felt that I knew how to do it, and I didn't think Mitchell did. That's why I was doubly anxious to be with Kilrain on this journey.

"The importance of the move was strongly impressed upon me when, as Johnny Murphy and I were sitting in the station, Sullivan came plowing through the crowd in his big bluff manner, and, casting a side glance at us, pushed his way through the gate. I thought: 'If Kilrain sees Sullivan now it's all up with us; he'll be a spoiled man.' So I was very anxious to be with Jake to protect him from any thought of fear. Although Kilrain was a wonderfully game man, the thought of possibility of defeat would make his chances just so much worse.

"So I was pretty mad when I hunted up Mitchell. I didn't want to break with him before the fight, but I let him know it was all his fault that I lost the train.

" 'There was no necessity for all this precaution, Mitchell. We were perfectly protected and guarded. We were in no danger of arrest. Sullivan walked right through the station and why

couldn't you?' He mumbled some reply and I went to find Kilrain.

"'How do you feel, Jake?'

"'Oh, I'm pretty good.' But he was nervous and downhearted.

"Kilrain was a sick man when he entered the ring. He had been through an operation not long before, and he was not over the effects of it. He was game though, and when he toed the scratch he was apparently as confident as Sullivan.

"Just before the fight took place an old squire insisted upon getting $250 or he threatened to read the riot act. I told them not to give him the money because I knew he would read the riot act whether he got the money or not. They paid him after he had promised not to read the act, but as soon as he got the money he read it just as I thought he would. That made us all breakers of the law of the State, and afterwards got many of us into trouble.

"Kilrain was a sick man, and never should have fought. If I had known his condition I would not have allowed him to fight. He had trouble, and was operated upon in March, but I did not know it until we returned to New Orleans, where I saw the marks of the surgeon's knife. I wondered what was the matter with him in the ring. He couldn't fight at all that day. If he had been knocked out, he surely would have been killed.

"In the last round he was down in our right-hand corner, and I saw he was in danger of getting a

right-hand swing for the jaw when I lifted him to his corner. I told him I was going to throw up the sponge. He begged me not to do it. 'I would rather die first,' Kilrain said. He was as game as a fighting cock.

" 'This is the last round you'll fight,' I replied. 'Don't let him hit you on the jaw.'

"He walked up to the scratch, where Sullivan met him. Kilrain gave ground, and Sullivan followed. They were feinting. The heat was so terrible that Kilrain, being a sick man, was, from his own exertions, in a helpless condition. He stood his ground in our right-hand corner, and with lowered guard and feet far apart, he waited Sullivan's approach. I felt that his life was in danger. I knew if he got Sullivan's right on his jaw that it would be a fatal blow. I told him to put up his guard, which he fortunately did, and the next moment Sullivan, seeing an opening for the body, sent his blow there instead of the jaw.

"Down went Kilrain and lay there. His eyes were rolling.

" 'Thank God!' I said, 'he won't die from that punch.'

"We picked him up and carried him to his corner. Mitchell ran over to Sullivan and asked him how much he would give Kilrain to quit. Sullivan said $2,000, but Johnson said: 'No, that doesn't go. Donovan is throwing up the sponge.'

"Mitchell told me nothing of trying to get money

from Sullivan, and as I was afraid of having Kilrain killed, I was throwing up the sponge.

"Time was called, and Mitchell, grabbing the almost senseless body of Kilrain, took him staggering to the scratch. Kilrain was game, and Mitchell thought of nothing but winning regardless of the danger and the suffering. Kilrain stood at the scratch perfectly helpless, Mitchell yelling to Sullivan to come on. I rushed for Mitchell and grabbing Kilrain, brought him back to his corner. It would have been murder. Mitchell and I had a few words that would not look well in print.

"My long experience in the ring told me that Kilrain's life was in serious danger. Not that he was punished so much, but he was weak and helpless from fighting in the sun, and I could see he was near a complete collapse. If he had got that last punch on the jaw, all would have been over.

"We had to cut the ropes before we could get Kilrain out of the ring. His back was terribly sunburned and he was utterly helpless. I was in bed the greater part of ten days myself, just from my exertions in the broiling sun. Each time I had carried Kilrain to the scratch. Mitchell didn't carry him once, except the last time when he wanted Kilrain to fight on at the risk of his life.

"When we got Kilrain to the train we had a hard time in getting him aboard. I was doing my best to make him comfortable and ease him of his pain. The poor fellow at last fell asleep, but he

rested for only a short time, as the pain in his side was intense. As he lay there groaning I felt that the last blow might have affected the heart, so I went through the train hunting for a doctor. I fortunately found one, and he assured Kilrain that his heart was sound, and that he was in no danger. I felt very happy when the doctor told us this.

"While we were making the best of things on our journey to New Orleans, Johnny Regan, who fought Jack Dempsey for the light-weight championship, came to me and said:

" 'Mike, Mitchell is in the back car calling Kilrain a coward.'

"I jumped up and pushing my way into Mitchell's car, went up to him and said: 'I heard you have been calling Kilrain a coward. Remember, your opinion goes with many people and you should be careful. Kilrain is one of the gamest men on earth. He tried to fight when he wasn't able, and I don't want to hear anything more about calling him a coward.'

"Mitchell was a very big talker, and was fond of the lime-light. To keep himself in the public eye he didn't care what he said. He had no more ground for calling Kilrain a coward than he had for saying he hadn't been at the fight at all. It was absolutely false. Never was there in the history of the ring a better exhibition of gameness. He was a sick man, and he knew it, yet he went into the fight and stayed there till he couldn't stand

any longer. To be sure it wasn't much of a fight. Tom Allen, who was one of the great pugilists of his time and who was sitting near me at the ringside, said: 'Why, Mike, they fight like two blooming old washwomen.'

"And they did.

"Allen was a good judge. He was only defeated by Jem Mace. I believe Ned O'Baldwin was the only other pugilist that could have bested him. He was a great fighter.

" 'Don't say that again, Tom,' I whispered, 'for there is a man behind you who would just as leave kill you as not.'

"It was a very tough crowd. Chief of Police Hennessey was there with me in civilian's clothes. He told me he would look out for me and would take care of any man that wanted to hurt me. He carried with him two revolvers, and there would have been trouble for some one if anything had been started. Probably every man in the crowd was carrying a gun.

"One time during the fight serious trouble might have occurred. I noticed Sullivan had hurt his left hand very badly early in the fight. It was swollen up like a boxing glove, and was no use to him. I was coaching Kilrain in a low tone of voice and told him: 'Don't mind that left; just get him in the stomach. Get him there just once, Jake.' They were both walking around and feinting, and when Sullivan came near me I saw he was

preparing to hit me. He made a side step, intending to catch me, but I was too quick for him. I stepped back just two paces.

"'Oh, no, John,' I said, 'not this time.'

"If he had hit me, guns would have been drawn at once. I had many friends in the audience, and there would have been a riot. I probably would have been killed but I would not have been the only one to go.

"It was no credit to Sullivan to win from poor old Jake. He was all in before he got into the ring. I felt sorry for him and took good care of him after the fight. Mitchell never bothered his head about him. He didn't come near him on the train until the following morning at 4 o'clock. I will tell you the reason why in a minute. Kilrain was grateful for my care and said to me:

"'Mitchell doesn't care about me. Mike, you were my only friend at that fight.'

"'It is too bad, Jake,' I said, 'you didn't know that before.'

"Mitchell seemed to have Kilrain hypnotized. He was a stronger character than Kilrain, and he really had no liking or respect for him.

"We went to the Southern Athletic Club and gave Kilrain a warm bath. His back was so blistered that we couldn't rub him. The blisters were as large as the palm of your hand. He had to lie on his stomach. I went to the drug store and bought five or six jars of cold cream, and taking

a white shirt out of my bag, I tore the back out of it, and plastering it with the cold cream, laid it upon Jake's back.

"As he was commencing to feel better I tried to cheer him up and told him what a game fight he had put up, and how the papers would all speak well of him; which they did. I knew they would speak well of him, for everybody likes a game man. He needn't be clever so long as he is game.

"Kilrain now commenced to worry about the authorities from Mississippi getting after us. Just then my old friend Chief Hennessey came up to the room to see Kilrain.

" 'How do you feel?' asked the Chief.

" 'Oh, I'm all right,' replied Kilrain. He would have said that, regardless of how badly he was hurt.

" 'Chief,' I said, 'Jake is worrying about the Mississippi authorities getting after him.'

" 'Say, Jake,' answered the Chief, 'if those fellows come here after you they have got to come to me first, for if they don't I'll lock them up. They have no right to take you without first coming to me, and you can depend upon it I'll protect you.'

" 'That's all right,' I said; 'I understand it.'

"This quieted Jake, and all was going well until Mitchell in my absence came to Kilrain's room at 4 o'clock in the morning, and telling him the Mississippi authorities were after him, got him to leave

for the North. Mitchell had been out the whole night doing up the town, and came in with this lie and scared Jake. It was perfectly evident what Mitchell was after: a good slice of the money, and he got it. I had warned Kilrain that Mitchell would try to get three or four thousand dollars away from him, and had advised him not to give him a cent of his money, but Jake, as I said before, seemed to be hypnotized by Mitchell.

"I had left Kilrain about seven o'clock that night and went to my rooms to take a much needed rest. My back was badly sunburned.

"How Kilrain ever got on his shirt I don't know —he was so sore from blisters. He was not hurt from being hit, barring that last blow. His mouth was bruised a bit and he had recovered from the effects of the body blow, but his sunburnt back was a sight. However, Mitchell induced him to skip away and they both started early that morning. They went up on the other side of the Mississippi and into Indiana. I found out afterwards they had a terrible time. It seems Mitchell had hired a detective in the North named Morris. He was to receive $250 to protect Kilrain and Mitchell on the way South to New Orleans and during their stay there.

"When Morris learned that Kilrain and Mitchell had got away from him, he was hot. He swore he would get them and give them up to the Mississippi people. I went down to the hotel and met

Morris and tried to talk him out of it. I offered him one hundred dollars to do nothing further about it.

" 'No, Donovan,' Morris said, 'I'm going to get Mitchell and bring him back and make him do time in Mississippi.' He telegraphed to Indiana to a number of places but Mitchell was too foxy. He would get off at a small county junction and take a train across country, doubling on his tracks and crisscrossing every which way. He was never caught. Morris, however, caused him much trouble, and the commotion he started in the North nearly got me landed in jail in Cincinnati when I came to go back.

"The Southern Athletic Club was to give a boxing exhibition in about one week and as they had been so kind to me I remained in New Orleans to box at their entertainment. They appreciated my efforts and presented me with a two hundred and fifty dollar gold watch.

"So long as I remained in New Orleans I knew I was protected by my good friend Chief Hennessey, but how was I to get home? We arranged it at last. Mr. John Garrett of the Crescent Road had a special train run me over to Meridian, and from there I took a train for the North. Not a soul on that train knew I was there, with the exception of one man, who when we stopped for water, got aboard and had a little chat with me. He was the second superintendent, who had been

notified to look after me. When I reached Cincinnati I came near falling into one of the traps Morris had set for Kilrain and Mitchell.

"In walking around I happened to see the name over a saloon door of a man who was quite famous in the town and I thought I would call upon him. So I dropped in and introduced myself as Clifford. I was enjoying my chat with him, asking all about his fights and listening to him bragging about his victories. He was quite chesty, and was very amusing. Then in came two friends of his who were detectives.

" 'Boys, this is Mr. Clifford,' said the local scrapper, introducing me.

" 'What name?' said one of the men, looking at me very closely.

" 'Clifford, Clifford is my name,' I replied.

"We had a few drinks and were chatting together when one of them said: 'What's your name?'

" 'Clifford,' I answered.

"Then some more talk and I commenced to feel uneasy. These men kept looking at me very hard. I was well dressed and evidently did not look like a pug, and it puzzled them, for they had their suspicions who I was. I said to myself: 'Here, I must bluff this out or I'll get pinched as sure as I'm alive.' So in a careless and easy manner I ordered more drinks, and also added the cigars, trying in

every way to play the part of a wealthy sporting man, but it didn't seem to work.

"The same detective asked me the third time what was my name. I've told you twice,' I said. 'If you don't remember you can forget it, that's all. What do you mean by asking me my name so many times?' 'Oh! we don't mean anything,' the detective replied, and shortly after they left the place.

"I said to the local pug: 'My name isn't Clifford. My name is Mike Donovan, and I am going to get out of the town.' He tried to get me to come back. I had left the side-door but I said: 'No, those fellows are pretty fly, and I wouldn't trust them.'

"I went down to the hotel, and after taking a hot bath I turned in. Early in the morning I made for the train. I had not been gone more than five minutes when they were after me. Not finding me at the hotel, they rushed down to the station. I learned afterwards that the main station was swarming with detectives but I didn't go there. I had been tipped off to go up the track for about half a mile or so and get aboard the train at another station. Some of my friends wanted me to take a carriage, but I felt safe walking by myself to this small station. I had it figured correctly as nobody bothered me. I had completely thrown them off my track. But it was a close call. The conductor when he came through the car for tickets looked me over very carefully and said: 'It wouldn't be hard to tell who you are. You are

Mike Donovan and there was a bunch of them looking for you at the main station.'

"'You won't give me away, will you?' I asked.

"'I will not,' he answered. 'I knew your brother Jerry and a lot of your friends. You are all right and I'll take care of you.'

"I had no ticket. He not only didn't charge me for the trip I had with him but he got me a pass before we parted which took me without any charge straight to New York. I was to have been provided with a pass from Cincinnati but I could not wait for it. I offered to send the money back to him for my fare, but as I said, he not only didn't charge me but also got me the pass. Nothing like having friends in need! I tell you I was mighty glad to get back to my family and my work in the New York Athletic Club.

"In my absence a number of my older pupils were taking care of my boxing room. Charlie Coster, Stuyve Wainright, Jimmy Motley, Allie Geer, and Archie Thompson were keeping things going. They were all glad to get me back, and if they were as glad as I was they must have been very happy. But I did not remain with them very long, for back I had to go. Billy Muldoon, Mike Cleary and I were taken back to New Orleans. We had to go. They sent after us. We went to Mississippi, and I telegraphed to Charlie Rich to come and bail us out. He wired back to tell the marshal to bring us all up to his place and that he would sign the

bail bond there. When this ceremony was over we returned to New Orleans. The Southern Athletic Club gave a big show and we were offered sixty per cent. of the gate receipts to box there. That netted us about three hundred dollars apiece.

"On this trip to New Orleans I came very near getting in serious trouble. If it hadn't been for the care of Chief Hennessy I surely would have been put in prison for a long time. One afternoon Mike Cleary and I walked into a well known saloon kept by a man named Schonhauser, where I wanted to buy some tickets for a show that was to come off in New Orleans. I wished to get the tickets for Chief Hennessey and his friends. When we approached Schonhauser, whom I had met on my recent trip, he refused to sell us any tickets. Cleary and I talked with him but couldn't move him. All he would say was: 'I won't sell none of them tickets now.' At last Cleary got mad and wanted to lick him but I held him back and told him he might hurt Schonhauser. He was a big fat Dutchman, and Cleary might have seriously injured him. I pacified them as well as I could, and then ordered a bottle of wine. After finishing the drinks, Schonhauser warmed up a bit and gave me two complimentary tickets, but he would not give Cleary any, and as I saw trouble brewing, I induced Cleary to go out with me. When we got outside I gave Cleary my tickets and sent him home. I returned to talk it over still further with Schonhauser. As

I entered his dive I walked up to him and said:

"'Hello, Schonhauser, old boy.'

"He called Cleary a vile name and I didn't like it and told him so. The wine I had just drunk, which, by the way, was the first drink I had taken on that trip, did not help my discretion or good judgment. I believe I would have avoided trouble if I had not been slightly under the influence. One word led to another, and Schonhauser reached behind the bar for a bung-starter. As he lifted it in the air to hit me, I copped him on the jaw and down he went. Then some one from behind hit me on the head with a club and down I went on top of Schonhauser. A special officer had hit me, with a billy. How long I was down I don't know. When I got to my feet there were two officers there who grabbed me and brought me to the station. I had a lot of friends in New Orleans, and some one notified the Chief that I was under arrest. He came to the station house and paroled me.

"As we were walking up the street together I told him everything that had occurred and he advised me to plead guilty in the morning; he told me he would get me off with a small fine. We went to a restaurant and had a bite. As I left the Chief, I promised him I would go right home. I walked up the street towards Canal Street. I hadn't gone very far when some one came up behind me and gave me a push with a club. Turning around, I saw a sergeant of police who knew me,

and who ought to have shown me kindness instead of treating me roughly. When I was in New Orleans with Kilrain this same sergeant had asked me if I could get his photograph in the *Gazette*. I sent his picture with a fake story to Mr. Fox and it came out in the *Police Gazette*. The sergeant evidently knew I had been arrested and he wanted notoriety, which he knew he would get if he arrested me. So he kept shoving me along with his club. I told him if he pushed me again I would knock him down. He didn't pay any attention to my threat, so I caught him on the jaw with my right and dropped him. He got up and started to arrest me. A crowd collected, and several policemen rushed up to grab me. I backed up against a wall and, striking a fighting position, I challenged any policeman to try to arrest me. Fortunately the crowd was with me, and the police knew there would be shooting if they all jumped on me, so they didn't dare tackle me. The crowd saved my life, for I was determined no policeman would take me to jail. I said I would go with any one but a policeman. A friend of mine by the name of Kenny came forward, and, taking me lightly by the coat-sleeve, he led me to the station house, where only a few moments before I had been released. As we were entering the station, the crowd yelled out: 'Don't you club that man, or we'll pull down the place.' They were afraid the policemen would take me into a cell and beat me up. When I was brought up to

the desk the sergeant who was in charge said: 'Well! You here again?'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'and you haven't got a policeman on your force that can lock me up. I came here with a friend of mine.' He was a Frenchman, and I didn't like him, as he acted in a very chesty manner.

"After hearing the sergeant's complaint, he said: 'Lock him up,' and they took me down into a cell. Some one ran out and got Chief Hennessey again. He ordered me brought up, and listened to my side of the case.

"I told him I was going home quietly and that the sergeant pushed me in a violent manner.

" 'It was a put-up job on me, Chief,' I said, 'and you will find it out.'

"He allowed me to go again, telling me to come down in the morning. When I appeared in court in the morning, the judge fined me twenty-five dollars for resisting arrest. I pulled out the money, paid my fine, and started to leave. The judge called me back and said: 'I'm not through with you yet.' I went over to a seat and sat down. 'Go back to the cell,' said the judge. So into the cell I went. It was a small room and full of men. Several of my friends were there who had been locked up for taking my part in the row with the police. They had been fined, and didn't have the money with them. I insisted upon paying their fines. Reynolds let me pay his fine, but later made me take it

back. It wasn't right, and I told him so. He really saved my life, for he drew a gun and threatened to shoot when the police were all about to jump on me.

" 'You did me a big favor, old man,' I said, 'for those fellows would have killed me.'

"But Reynolds wouldn't have it that way, so I had to take back the money. There were a couple of sailors and two niggers in the cell along with two Irishmen and a friend of mine named Reilly. I paid all their fines. Most of them hunted me up afterwards and returned the money.

"In about half an hour I was arraigned before the judge again. His manner was exceedingly severe. He seemed to be prejudiced against me.

" 'You are charged with assault and battery of Schonhauser,' growled the judge. 'What do you say to that?'

"The court room was crowded, and the attitude of the judge was so forbidding that I completely forgot Chief Hennessey's advice and replied:

" 'Not guilty.'

" 'You are charged with assault and battery of Schonhauser,' again said the judge, in a most disagreeable manner.

" 'Not guilty,' said I, and I added: 'What do you mean by talking to me in this manner? You seem to be against me.'

"The clerk of the court, who evidently was a friend of mine, seeing the judge flush up, made signs to me to quit.

"I was put under five hundred dollars' bail to appear for trial. I had to remain in New Orleans for three weeks waiting for the trial to come off. It was a hard blow to me. I commenced to realize the trouble I was in, and got worrying over home affairs. I thought I would lose my position at the club, and that I would be ruined. Like most fools under these conditions, I commenced to drink hard. Of course the more I drank the worse everything got. The papers commenced to roast me hard, and it was only by good luck that I was saved from committing murder. What with the drink and with hearing every one talking of killing this man and that man, I found it most difficult to resist the temptation that came to me many times to buy a gun and go down to one of the newspaper offices and kill a certain reporter whom I knew to be writing against me. It doesn't seem to be so hard to kill a man when everybody around you is talking of killing. That's what's the matter with our East Side gunmen. They simply live in the atmosphere of killing. Everybody is talking about it, and it appears an easy and natural thing to kill your enemies. My friend Pat Kendrick and his wife undoubtedly saved me. I was staying with them, and they saw I was going too far. They took good care of me. Mrs. Kendrick used to hide my clothes in the cupboard, and I couldn't go out for days at a time.

"When I got straightened out, I went to the Chief and had a long talk with him. I told him how

sorry I was to cause him all this trouble, but he said that it was all right, and was very kind to me. We talked it over, and he said:

" 'Mike, I can't go to that man Schonhauser and ask him to let up on you. That's what he wants. You see, he keeps a dive, and he would own me. I can't afford to do it. You must get somebody who can work it for you. It can be squared by the proper party.' It went on this way for ten days or two weeks. We tried man after man, but the big fat Dutchman turned them all down.

" 'Naw, I can't let up on that Donovan. He hit me here and knocked me down. I'll fix him.' That's all could be got out of Dutchy.

"Mr. Bud Walmsley and others tried it, but failed. Three weeks went by, and I was getting downhearted. I was a long way from Broadway, and I felt anxious. It looked like very serious trouble. Chief Hennessey tried to cheer me up. He said it would be all right. I imagine if worse came to worse he felt he would square it himself. But I didn't have any such feeling. I felt greatly discouraged. One afternoon I was in a hotel and met Phil Dwyer from New York, who was with Pat Duffy, a big sporting man of New Orleans. They had just come in from the races.

" 'Hello, Mike,' said Dwyer. 'I hear you are in great trouble.'

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'and just from hitting a big fat

Dutchman. He is going to try to send me to prison for assault and battery.'

"He asked me if I needed money. I thanked him and told him no.

" 'No one,' I said, 'can do anything with this man. They have all tried but failed.'

" 'Have you asked Pat Duffy?' Dwyer replied.

" 'No,' I said; 'I didn't want to ask Duffy for a favor of that kind.'

"Dwyer then went over to Duffy and said:

" 'You can fix this thing up. Why not go over to this fellow and square it up for Mike?'

" 'Why, certainly,' answered Duffy. 'I will go right over now.'

"He and Dwyer left the hotel and called upon Schonhauser.

"Phil Dwyer told me afterwards all about the interview.

" 'Hello, Schonhauser,' said Duffy. 'Have a drink.'

"Schonhauser knew Duffy well. Duffy was one of the big sporting men of New Orleans and was known as a very dangerous man to have for an enemy.

" 'I've come in,' said Duffy, 'to see you about Mike Donovan.'

"Duffy got the same answer as all of the ones who had pleaded with Schonhauser before:

" 'Naw, I can't let up on that Donovan. He hit

me here,' pointing to his jaw, 'and knocked me down. I'll fix him.'

"'Now look here, Schonhauser,' replied Duffy. 'Donovan is a decent fellow, and he has a wife and family in New York, and a good position. He is well thought of all over. He only hit you with his fist. You did seven years for jabbing a fellow in the face with a glass bottle. If you appear against Donovan, you will never leave the court room alive. Reynolds says he will kill you, and if he misses there will be others there to help him out. Now, Schonhauser, if you know what is best for you, and you don't want to get killed, don't appear against that man.'

"'Wall,' said Schonhauser, 'what shall I do?'

"'Go right down to court and withdraw that charge right now,' directed Duffy.

"Schonhauser thought it over, and finally concluded to take Duffy's tip. He went down and withdrew the charges, and came back and reported to Duffy and Dwyer. They immediately came over and told me the good news. By golly, I was the happiest man on earth!

"Duffy said: 'You can go home now.' I could hardly realize it. I couldn't thank Pat Duffy and Phil Dwyer enough. They were friends that helped me out of one of the most disagreeable and serious situations of my whole life. The next day I started for the North, but before leaving I went to Chief Hennessey.

"'Chief,' I said, 'I'm going home, and I want to take your hand and thank you for all you've done for me. Schonhauser is fixed all right.'

"The Chief was much relieved that it came around as it did, and was very glad to see me so happy and everything in such good shape.

"'Chief, I was your father's friend, and I am your friend as long as you live, and I shall always remember you in my prayers.'

"We had a few more words at parting, and I warned him against that sergeant, as he was a mean fellow and no friend of his. Shortly after returning to New York, I learned that this sergeant got on a drunk, and the Chief hearing of it, sent detectives from Headquarters and arrested him. They held him just where he held me, and they sent for the patrol wagon, and, taking him to Headquarters, they broke him. He got his deserts, for he was a mean cuss."

CHAPTER X

DONOVAN AS KILRAIN'S SECOND

For this chapter, throwing light on the conspicuous part Donovan played in the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, the author is indebted to a newspaper man who reported the contest for a leading New York daily newspaper:

My familiar acquaintance with "Mike" Donovan began when we traveled together from New York to New Orleans to attend the Sullivan-Kilrain heavyweight championship prize fight which took place July 8, 1889, on the plantation owned by Charles J. Rich, at Richburg, Miss. This was the last fight in the United States under London Prize Ring rules, which called for a turf ring, bare knuckles, thirty-second rest between rounds, and permitted wrestling of a not altogether scientific character. Under these rules when one of the fighters was knocked down, or adroitly went down to avoid punishment, the round ended.

Fighting under London rules was banned by the law of most states prior to 1889, and many persons believed the authorities would prevent the Sullivan-Kilrain contest. At times the prospects were not

encouraging to the principals. The governors of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama issued proclamations forbidding it and empowering sheriffs to intervene. In Louisiana several companies of state troops were called out to prevent "an unlawful assemblage." Selection of the battle ground, therefore, was a difficult matter. Not only was it necessary to satisfy the fighters and their financial backers, but it was imperative that no word of its location should reach the authorities. These details are mentioned because, in the writer's opinion, without Donovan's energy and aid, it is more than probable that the battle would never have taken place. His acquaintance in New Orleans was extended and influential. The Chief of Police, David Hennessey, and Captain William H. Beanham of the Louisiana Rifles were his staunch friends, while half of the men in the Crescent City seemed to know and like him.

Sullivan was backed by Charles Johnston of Brooklyn and James Wakely of New York City, and trained by William Muldoon, former heavyweight champion wrestler. Richard K. Fox, of the *Police Gazette*—who, by the way, never saw a prize fight in his life—furnished the money for Kilrain. Frank Stevenson was financial representative for Mr. Fox. William E. Harding, a professional walker and prize ring reporter, who receives some attention from Professor Donovan in this book, was sent along to represent Mr. Fox's newspaper.

When he came to the selection of men to second Kilrain, Mr. Fox faced a problem. Sullivan was a popular idol and an overwhelming favorite in the South because he would never allow himself to be matched against a negro. It was intimated freely in sporting circles that Kilrain would not be permitted to win, even to the point of cutting the ropes of the ring and breaking up the fight in case it became apparent that Sullivan might lose. It was necessary for Mr. Fox to pick out men whom he knew to be courageous, honest and skilled in prize ring tactics. *The first man he engaged was Donovan.* The second was Charlie Mitchell, the English champion, and he also retained the services of Luke Short of Texas and Bartholomew (Bat) Masterson of Kansas and Colorado, both of whom were renowned in the West as shooting men *par excellence.* Their presence Mr. Fox deemed necessary to preserve order at the ringside.

All of the preliminary work devolved upon Stevenson and Donovan, and the latter's responsibilities were by far the more exacting. It was essential for him to exert sufficient influence to circumvent the authorities in their efforts to stop the fight, and to create an atmosphere that would insure Kilrain fair play. He accomplished both purposes—but not without strenuous effort.

Donovan and I left New York for New Orleans early in June, 1889, nearly four weeks before the date of the fight. Stevenson and Harding preceded

us. We traveled in a Mann boudoir car, and had the compartment to ourselves. During the forty-eight-hour journey he related to me many incidents of his fighting career, and, always demonstrative, he occasionally would stand me up to illustrate some blow which had served him well in the ring. When the train was running on a straight track this was entertaining, but once, while doing a "close-up" of a "punch" he used on George Rook, the train struck a curve—and to-day I can tell you how Rook felt after Donovan landed this particular blow.

Arriving in New Orleans, we found the city in high anticipation of the greatest prize-ring match the world up to that time had ever known, but few persons believed it would be possible for the men to fight. Even thus early the Governor of Louisiana had announced that he would spare no effort to prevent the encounter. "Bud" Renaud was given the management of the event. Of course the first thing to do was to select a battle ground. Several sites were visited by Messrs. Renaud, Stevenson, Donovan and "Jack" Barnett, who was the only Sullivan representative then on the ground. Finally Mr. Rich's plantation was secretly agreed upon. It was about one hundred miles from New Orleans.

With some of Donovan's statements and impressions of the fight as related to the author of this book I do not concur. Some are overdrawn and some are underdrawn. For example, he says the sheriff at Richburg received $250 to

permit the fight and not read the "riot act" —and then declined to "stay bought." Two hours before the fighters entered the ring six mounted men, each carrying a rifle, arrived at Mr. Rich's house. After considerable negotiation, Mr. Renaud paid the sheriff $250 and each of the others $100. Mr. Rich told me afterward that, later, the sum was doubled. All of these faithful guardians of the law sat in the front row at the ringside, each holding his gun across his lap.

Donovan's action in throwing up the sponge for Kilrain in the seventy-fifth round not only was justifiable, but was prompted by excellent judgment —although had he waited a second or two, Mitchell might have succeeded in extracting $2,000 from Sullivan's backers. Donovan knew nothing, however, of Mitchell's intentions.

Donovan, Sullivan and Mitchell died in 1918 within a few months of each other—a coincidence that has not failed to cause comment.

One of Donovan's interesting experiences not mentioned by him to the author was an exhibition bout with Dominick McCaffrey. In the early nineties the writer was chairman of a committee that managed a Carnival of Sports in Madison Square, given as a benefit to the New York Press Club. It produced $10,000 net for the club's building fund. At that time Donovan was instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club, and McCaffrey held

the same job with the Manhattan Athletic Club. Rivalry between the clubs was intense. The houses of Capulet and Montague were not more poignantly divided. The Cherry Diamond organization had just moved into a fine new clubhouse on Madison Avenue, and was cutting a pretty wide swath in athletics. There were frequent discussions over the relative professional merits of Donovan and McCaffrey.

All the stars in the sporting firmament agreed to appear at this carnival—and they did. I thought a Donovan and McCaffrey bout would be a drawing attraction, and placed the negotiations in the hands of the late Howard Hackett, who finally arranged that the men should give an exhibition contest of three rounds, without seconds or a referee, and consequently there was to be no decision.

Few cleverer bouts than this one have ever been seen in New York City. Hundreds of members of the Winged Foot and Cherry Diamond clubs, seated on opposite sides of the Garden, applauded their favorites with true partisan spirit, while the big crowd cheered the boxers to the echo. It had been feared that one (or both) of them might lose his temper, but nothing of the kind happened. No finer exposition of the value of boxing as a factor in acquiring self-control has ever been witnessed in the Garden. Clean and clever was the work of these masters of the art of self-defense, with honors divided, and they were freely congratulated on the bout by

members of the two clubs. The fact that neither man, professional rivals as they were, became even excited while their partisans were loudly beseeching each to "put him out" carries its own lesson as to the schooling in physical restraint provided by this form of exercise.

Now "Mike" Donovan is dead. *God rest his soul.*

CHAPTER XI

A FIGHT WITH THE LONDON CABBIES

"I HAVE had many rough fights and experiences, but the toughest of them all was my encounter with the London cabbies. I cannot imagine a more trying situation. Seven husky cabbies at me all at the same time! How I ever got out of that cabby shelter with my life I do not know. It was a great fight. I doubt if any other fighting man ever had a similar experience.

"In 1894 I was greatly run down from over-work and needed a rest. My good pupils and friends in the club made up a purse of five hundred dollars. They sent me to the other side, feeling that the ocean trip and change of surroundings would do me good. Charlie Coster, Jimmy Motley, Stuyve Wainwright, Alfred de Goicouria, Jimmy Gladwin, Allie Geer, Arthur Moore, Simeon Ford, Archie Thomson, Billy Hart, Dick Halstead, and many other good friends contributed and wished me farewell.

I sailed in a slow transport so as to obtain the benefit of a long sea voyage. There were only five passengers on board. A lawyer and his wife

(I cannot recall their name), Rev. Dr. Eggleston, Dr. Gilespie and myself comprised the list. The wife of the lawyer was a most charming and beautiful woman, a cousin of our former Mayor Seth Low. She was exceedingly gracious to me. Many a pleasant hour I spent talking to her and her husband. The clergyman and the doctor were also delightful company, and we started to get along famously. I was careful to hide my identity, as I was not proud of my profession in such refined company. They asked me no questions, so I told them no lies.

There were some cattle aboard, and after we were a few days out, I strolled down on the cattle deck to see how things were going. This proved my undoing. I had no sooner put my foot on that deck than a man came up to me, and, offering his hand, called me by name. I immediately bound him over to secrecy, promising him five dollars if he would not tell any one until after I had left the ship. I didn't want to embarrass my new-found friends.

"The man was the foreman of the cattle crew, and he promised to keep my secret. But he lost his five. Within twenty-four hours he had told the engineer, a man named Morris. Morris told the captain, then they all knew. I noticed a change in their attitude toward me after about four days out. I couldn't quite understand. Their conversation suddenly turned to prize fighting. They would discuss the merits of certain prominent fighters. Final-

ly, becoming interested and warming up to the subject, the clergyman turned to me and said:

"'Professor, whom do you consider the better man—Jackson or Sullivan?'

"'Oh, Doctor,' I replied, 'I don't know.' They all laughed.

"'You are certainly a very sly fellow,' answered Dr. Eggleston. 'We know who you are. Now tell us about it. Why did you try to dissemble?'

"'I thought I might shock you,' I replied. 'You know prize fighters are considered a tough lot of citizens.'

"'Yes, but there are prize fighters and prize fighters. There is apparently nothing shocking about you,' answered the good doctor.

"We all had a good laugh and became fast friends throughout a most enjoyable voyage. Rev. Dr. Eggleston came from Baltimore. He was a brother of Bishop Eggleston of the Episcopal Church. His father was a judge away back in the forties. He was the judge that tried Tom Hyer for his fight with Yankee Sullivan. They fought in eastern Maryland. The Reverend Doctor was a good man, with red blood in his veins. A Christian gentleman. He was such good company. I was in need of exercise, and, as the Reverend Doctor was athletic, he helped me make a track around the ship, over the bales of hay. We placed wide boards on top of the bales so that it was fairly easy going. The deck did not offer much room for walking, so over

these bales Dr. Eggleston and I used to do about ten miles a day. Our fellow passengers used to call the Reverend Doctor my trainer. We had lots of fun and we were all sorry when we parted in London.

"I hunted up Billy Edwards, who was with his son visiting in London. I spent a very pleasant week seeing the sights with Billy and his son and Doctor Ordway. Then I went to dear old Ireland, the home of my fathers. I stayed there two weeks, enjoying Dublin, the Lakes of Killarney, Cork, Limerick, and other places.

"On my return to London I got into the tough fight with the cabbies. I thought I would hunt up Billy Edwards again, so I directed a cabby to take me to Poney Moore's place. Moore was the father-in-law of Charlie Mitchell. He kept an inn. I found that Billy had returned to his hotel, so after remaining an hour or two, I started for my hotel in a cab. It was then about twelve o'clock, and, as I was hungry, I wanted something to eat. According to the law in London, the bar and restaurant of my hotel would be closed, so I asked the cabby if he knew of some good place where I could get something hot to eat.

" 'Oh, yes, sir,' replied the cabby. 'Hi will toik you to a bloody fine cabby shelter where you can get a good meal.'

"I didn't know a cabby shelter from a haystack. We kept going out Regent Street in the opposite

direction from my hotel, and I didn't much care for the neighborhood, especially at that time of night. However, I was hungry, so I made no objections. We stopped in a gloomy square, with a little house in the center. I didn't like the looks of it, and remarked to the cabby that I didn't think it was good enough.

" 'That place is all right,' replied the cabby. 'Gentlemen often eat here when out late.'

"I had my suspicions. My friends had warned me about London cabbies as being a tough lot of rascals. An honest one, I found out, was an exception. My cabbie was plausible enough, and, thinking he might prove the exception, my empty stomach persuaded me to believe him. I jumped out of the cab and entered the place. The room was about twelve feet long and six feet wide with a little narrow table about twelve inches wide running around against the wall on three sides. There were about ten men sitting around this sort of shelf. They did not look like cabbies to me. In their conversation they used the sort of jargon that professional thieves talk when they don't want outsiders to understand. Taking a seat, I ordered a chop and coffee. I noticed they were looking me over. I was well dressed and I had a bundle of blackthorns that I was bringing home to a number of friends in the club. I was wearing the gold watch and chain, worth two hundred and fifty dollars, that was presented to me by my good friends of New Orleans

just after the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain. The gang saw this, and when they got sight of a two-hundred-dollar bill which I drew from my fob pocket and carelessly displayed when paying for my meal, they decided I was ripe for picking. During my meal I overheard remarks, which they could not disguise in their jargon, about Yankee suckers. There was one big chap who did most of the talking. I looked at him in a determined way to show him and his gang that I was not afraid of him or them. I showed that I had no fear of them. Thieves I always knew to be cowards, and I felt that I could thrash the whole gang that was in that room. When I arose to go the big fellow reached over and picked up the only loose blackthorn and asked me what I called the 'blooming thing.' His manner was offensive, so I grabbed the stick from him. This was the only stick rescued from the bunch. I brought it back with me to America and presented it to my old friend and pupil, James Motley.

"By this time my fighting blood was up. I told the big duffer that I would punch him in the jaw if he didn't mind his own business.

" 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir,' said he, stepping back. I turned around to keep my eyes on the others, when he hit me a terrific blow on the jaw. It staggered me. My knees bent under me, and I nearly went down. Fists came from all directions. Seven were at me, hammering away as hard as they

could. I was dazed from the shock of the blow on the jaw, but when other punches were landed on my head, they helped me regain my wits. Then we had it hot and heavy. It seems like a dream. How I ever managed to get out of that place alive is a mystery. The big fellow held me around the waist. It was then that I lost my watch and money. He took everything I had except a bunch of bills in the inner pocket of my waistcoat. In front of me stood a short, thick-set fellow whom I was doing my best to drop with a punch on the jaw. My blows were landing a trifle high. He was letting fly at me as fast as a gatling gun. I took his blows on the hard part of my head, so he did me no serious damage. The chunky one could fight. He kept his jaw well protected, but I got him at last, and down he went. Each time I drew back I would try to punch the big fellow, who was holding me. I would try to get him with my elbows. The other five on the sides were putting in punches wherever and whenever they could. I ducked many of them, keeping my jaw well down to save me from a knock-down or a knock-out. If they had once got me on the floor I would undoubtedly have been kicked to death. One of the seven suddenly jumped on the table, and proceeded to kick me. I couldn't prevent his kicking me on the body—I had to take them, as my hands were busy in punching—but a kick which he aimed for my jaw, which I fortunately saw in time, I partly blocked with my left

arm. I caught the toe of his boot with some force just under my left cheek bone. I am glad I did not get the full value. I grabbed his leg, and, shoving it to one side, upset him. He was one of the most active, and I was glad to be rid of him for a moment. But he never came back. He was afraid, for as soon as I had disposed of him and the chunky one, I caught the big fellow that was holding me from behind with a blow on the jaw from my elbow, which knocked him through the door into the street.

"That was the signal for all to run. I was left alone with the proprietor and the chunky one, who was still under the table apparently knocked out. I was bewildered. I reminded myself of a wounded stag moose standing at bay, ready to fight to the death, fearing nobody and nothing. It seemed as if I had been cut, my stomach and bowels ached so. I had been kicked so many times I imagined that blood was running down my legs.

"The proprietor came from behind his counter in the back of the shop, and, approaching me, said:

" 'I beg your pardon, sir, I am so sorry. I don't know who those ruffians are.'

"I knew the man was lying, so it did not take me long to knock him back over the counter among his pots and kettles with a good punch on the jaw. Then I went out for a policeman to arrest the chunky one, who was still under the table. He got away before my return. So I had no one to trace with.

"When I got out on the pavement I put my hand to my stomach and legs to feel whether blood was trickling down. I could feel no moisture, so I was relieved. I had lumps all over my head, and my right ear was very much swollen and bleeding. My nose felt twice its natural size, but as long as I knew that I hadn't been cut I didn't mind a bruise or two. I discovered that I had lost my watch and money. Then, for the first time, I realized that they were after my valuables, and not fighting for the pure joy of licking a Yankee.

"The loss of my watch really affected me very much because of the associations. It had been presented by old and dear friends of mine: Dave Hennessey, Chief of Police of New Orleans; Pat Kendrick, and many others of the same city—all good, tried and dear friends. In telling of my loss to two policeman, whom I found not so far distant from my fight, I could hardly hold back my tears. The bigger one of the two, an Englishman standing about six feet four inches, noticed this, and, thinking that I was about to cry over the bruises I had received, remarked:

" 'Oh, why cawn't you take care of yourself?'

"Stepping up to him, and pulling back my right hand, I replied:

" 'If I hit you on the jaw you would change your mind about that.'

"He stepped back, and his companion jumped in between us and said in Irish, 'Don't.' It was mighty

fortunate for me that this policeman was an Irishman, for it would have gone hard with me if I had been caught hitting a London Bobby. I replied in Gaelic: 'Nethe-hush,' which means 'Keep still,' or 'Stop.'

"Meeting a good Irishman, I began to feel better. I knew that wherever there was a real true Irishman fair play would be shown. This officer went with me to the police station to report my loss. On the way he told me that I was very lucky that I had not been stabbed or punched with knuckle-dusters (brass knuckles), for many London cabbies carried them. I felt as if they had used knuckle-dusters without a doubt. Bare knuckles could not have scalped me the way I was cut up. It was mighty lucky for me that I was able to duck and time the blows in the manner I did. Even at that I ducked into some. They were coming so fast and from every direction it was impossible to avoid them all.

"On our return to the cabby shelter we found quite a crowd had gathered. The proprietor, standing in the crowd, was wiping blood from his face. When he saw me he asked:

" 'Why did you 'it me?'

" 'Because you keep a den of thieves,' I replied.

" 'Hi ham a respectable man,' he answered, 'and Hi never saw a blooming one of them afore.'

"Well, I felt sorry for him, and, giving him the benefit of the doubt, I handed him two shillings and

apologized. He took the money with his greedy hand and was satisfied. I overheard him telling some of the bystanders there were seven men at me.

" 'Who is he?' some one asked.

" 'Hi don't know who the blooming fellow his. But he can 'it faster and 'arder than any one I ever seed afore.'

"When asked for my name, I thought it best to hide my identity, as my friends at home might think I had been on a spree. I gave the name of Clifford, which was my mother's maiden name.

"I returned to my hotel in Fleet Street. The next morning Billy Edwards and his son called upon me. They were much surprised and shocked to learn of my venture, and to see me in such a scarred condition. That day Dr. Ordway and Ed. Hulskey, both of Boston, went with me to Scotland Yard, to see whether I could recover my watch. The detectives were not able to get any trace of it.

"Much to my astonishment, that very night I got into another fight. At times it seems as if I were bewitched. I run into fights as easily and as often as a duck goes into the water. Yet they are not my fault. I don't like fights, and never seek them; but how can one refuse to help a fellow who is beset with two men and one woman belaboring him with an umbrella? There they were hammering away for dear life, a regular battle royal. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

"That evening I went to visit Ed. Hulskey, who

lived in a suburb of London, Hilton Heath, about seven miles out, a place made famous by the old-time road agent, Dick Turpin. After dark Willie Hulskey, Ed's son, and I took a walk. We were sauntering along, enjoying ourselves and not thinking of trouble. We were walking through a dark hedge road, and all seemed peaceful. Suddenly from the opposite side came loud cursing and the sound of a scuffle. One man was bellowing for the police. In a jiffy I was in the midst of it. Two men and one woman were hammering away at one man, who was well dressed and who looked like a gentleman. I couldn't stand for that, so, picking out the larger of the two men, I sailed into him. It was hard for me to locate his jaw, as there was but little light. We mixed it in lively style, fighting out into the middle of the road. The Englishman could fight; he knew how to handle himself. Remembering the rough deal I had received from seven Englishmen on the previous night helped a lot. Every blow I hit that fellow made me feel that I was getting somewhat even. At last I landed a peach on his jaw, and down he went with a crash. He wasn't knocked out, but was badly stunned. He grabbed me around the legs and yelled: 'Don't you kick me!'

" 'I never kicked a man in my life,' I replied, 'but if you don't let go, I'll punch you again.'

"He struggled to his feet, but was so groggy he didn't want any more of my game. While I was

fighting the big one, the woman turned her attention to me. It was lucky for me that she hadn't a club, for the way she wielded that umbrella showed her to be an artist. She was also greatly accomplished in wagging the tongue. My, the billingsgate she hurled at me! A crowd collected, and soon a Bobby came. Being a Yankee, I thought I might be arrested, but the gentleman whom I had saved spoke up:

" 'Officer, this man has just saved me from a terrible beating from these blackguards and that wench there'—pointing his finger at her. Out came the billingsgate again. My, what an expert with the tongue! I listened with amusement, and I must confess with some admiration. I had never heard her equal.

"Willie and I strolled home after the Bobby had scattered the crowd and sent the others about their business. I bound him over to secrecy, as I was a little ashamed, and felt that I could not convince my friend Ed that I was not looking for trouble. Ed found out about it somehow, and I had to explain. Later my little friend Willie wrote me that the man I had thrashed was the village bully, and that he was in disgrace. It seems that everybody was glad, and they took pleasure in pointing him out as the bully a Yankee fighter had beaten."

CHAPTER XII

PUPILS

"If I were to name all my pupils, and all the stories I remember of them, a volume would be too small. To be intimately associated with the class of men I met in the New York Athletic Club was a great privilege and one for which I felt thankful. It seldom falls to the lot of a fighting man to have and hold the confidence and affection of such men as I count among my friends. The following names come to my memory just at this time; at another I would remember many others:

"Alfred and Nestor de Goicouria, Jimmy Gladwin, Dick Halstead, Harry Buermeyer (the oldest athlete—in fact, the father of athletics in America, now about 75 years old), Herman Oelrichs, Judge Gildersleeve, Judge Truax, Judge Holmes, Hugh J. Grant, Dr. James E. Kelly, Charles Turner, E. A. Drake, Benny Williams, Harry Lyons, Charlie Knoblauch, Billy Murray, Harry Gunther and his son, Colonel Robert Thompson, Major Hugh S. Wise (grandson of the great Virginia Governor, who hung John Brown), Charlie Coster, Stuyve Wainright, Jimmy Motley, Allie Geer, Charlie

Power, Archie Thomson, Ernie Thomson, Harry Talmadge, Arthur Moore, Westley Turner, Jimmy Brandt, Captain Joe Frelinghuysen, Walter Price, Dudley Winthrop, Fred Winthrop, W. H. Page, Jack Bouvier, Evert Wendell, Simeon Ford, Frank Dugro, Doctor Guiteras, Jerry Mahoney, Richmond Levering, Allison P. Swan, Durando Miller, and last but not least Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

"Looking back over my association with these men recalls to mind several anecdotes and occurrences of more or less interest. I can only give place to a few.

* * * * * * *

"Senator Chandler of Michigan played a good joke on Roscoe Conkling. It seems he and Conkling had a set-to after a certain dinner and Chandler was bested. Conkling was a great boxer. Shortly afterwards Chandler gave a dinner and invited the Senator. Toward the close of the dinner conversation drifted on to boxing, and when the coffee and cigars had been finished a bout with the gloves was proposed. Some one suggested that Conkling and Mr. Smith, who was a guest at the dinner, but a newcomer among them, put on the gloves. Mr. Smith was not over-anxious, claiming it was absurd for him to box with a man of Senator Conkling's reputation, but after considerable urging he was induced to throw off his coat and put up his hands. Advancing with right foot and right hand forward,

he met the attack of Mr. Conkling in a most awkward manner. Notwithstanding Smith's apparent awkwardness, Conkling could not seem to land a telling blow. All the attacks were either guarded in a clumsy manner, or just caused to graze the side of Smith's head. Work as he would, Conkling could not land to his satisfaction.

"At the call of time the boxers took their seats, and Smith made as if to take off the gloves, but Senator Chandler urged him to try one more round, remarking on how much they were enjoying it. Conkling was anxious to continue, for he was considerably nettled to find that he could not put a glove on such an apparently ignorant boxer.

"At the call Senator Conkling, quickly stepping to the center of the room, endeavored to catch 'Mr. Smith' off his guard, when to his utter astonishment he received a counter that shook him seriously. Before him stood a man with hands in the most approved position, alert and eager for the fray. Try as he would, he could not even touch his opponent. Every attempt only gave an opening to his expert opponent, which was quickly taken advantage of. Senator Conkling noticed, however, that the blows, although delivered quickly and cleanly, were losing force and viciousness. He felt like a baby in the hands of this expert.

" 'Who is this man?' at last demanded the now thoroughly subdued Senator. Senator Chandler stepped forward and introduced the combatants:

"'Senator Conkling, Mr. Jem Mace, champion heavyweight of the world.'

"A round, hearty, full and vigorous laugh was on the Senator.

"Conkling, who was a big and generous man, was large enough to take the joke. Grabbing Mace by the hand, he assured him that he was overjoyed to meet him.

"'I want to thank you for your exceedingly considerate and gentlemanly conduct toward me. You could have made it mighty unpleasant for me.'

"Senator Conkling, in telling me of this incident, said that he and Mace that evening had several more rounds together, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all, including himself.

"Senator Conkling was a powerful man. He told me of a walk he took one winter in Utica that was astonishing. Possibly the Senator has some Irish blood in his veins and worked a bit on his imagination. It seems he was called on a case about seventy-five miles out of Utica. He was a very young lawyer at the time, and much impressed with the sense of duty. It was imperative for him to return to Utica the following day, as he was engaged on a case that opened in the Court House the day after, but he left Utica in a raging snowstorm.

"He spent a day trying his case, and then made plans to hurry back to Utica. Try as he would, he couldn't succeed in obtaining a conveyance. The railroad was completely blocked. So the following

morning he started on foot to walk the seventy-five miles.

"Leaving the village at a very early hour, he tramped all that day and all the night, but he reached the Utica Court House the next morning in time to try his case, and he won it.

"I looked credulous and tried to believe him, but I must admit it was hard even with my lively Irish imagination.

"However, later on in life he walked in the raging blizzard of 1888, the worst ever known in this part of the country, from his office in Wall Street to the New York Club, a distance of about four miles. Few men at any age would have attempted it. It killed him, but not from exhaustion. He caught cold, and it settled in the mastoid gland, which proved fatal. He was a fine man.

* * * * * * *

"Doctor Raymond Guiteras was one of the most promising amateur boxers. He came into my academy over the old Haymarket one day in 1882. I had a good equipment for a sparring school—baths and lounging rooms—and many gentlemen took lessons. When Guiteras came to me I noticed he was a big young fellow, but his clothes were so tight and his Picadilly collar was so small, I misjudged his size. He remarked that he had been recommended to come to me to finish his education in boxing. I learned that he had been taught by

Marcellus Baker and also by Patsy Sheppard, but he complained that they were small men.

"I thought that if Baker and Sheppard could not stand him off he must be a pretty good man. As he started to strip I noticed that the more clothes he took off the larger he got. It struck me that I would have to be clever with this chap. To see what he knew, I remarked that we would first box a round or two. I feinted a bit, and then drove my left to his body. As I did he uppercut me, and fortunately I saw it coming. I was sparring cautiously. The blow caught me on the forehead. I had ducked it. If it had landed on my jaw or nose it would have been bad for me. However, it raised a good lump and caused me to remark:

" 'That's pretty good—very clever.'

"I sparred around a bit, giving myself time to recover somewhat. We had a lively set-to. Watching him carefully, I noticed he lacked a good left-hand punch.

"After about twelve lessons he mastered the use of his left hand, and I found many times, to my discomfort, that his punch was straight and hard.

" 'Guiteras,' I said, 'there is a young fellow in Boston by the name of John L. Sullivan. He is making a great noise there. If you are not afraid of him you can best him. You are more clever than he.' Shortly afterwards, Guiteras, being in Boston, got John Boyle O'Reilly to introduce him to Sullivan. O'Reilly was a friend of both men.

They met one afternoon in the Cricket Club in Boston.

"Sullivan had a way of chopping with his left, at the same time ducking his head. Guiteras, seeing a chance to uppercut him hard, warned him.

" 'You go right ahead, young fellow; do the best you can,' replied Sullivan.

"The next time John L. Sullivan attempted the chop and duck Guiteras landed an uppercut that shook Sullivan from head to foot. Sullivan came at Guiteras like a wild bull. I was told Guiteras knocked Sullivan down in this bout, but the doctor would never acknowledge it. John Boyle O'Reilly felt obliged to stop the bout. It was hot and heavy.

* * * * * * *

"Alfred de Goicouria was a very clever boxer and a hard hitter. I always enjoyed my bouts with him because I could open up and box more freely, giving blows and taking blows, for I knew he would never take advantage. He was most expert and knew how to gauge his blow. Edgar Murphy at one time arranged a bout between de Goicouria and Mr. Sartoris, son-in-law of General Grant. The affair took place in the barn of Murphy's father, then Senator from New York State. Sartoris was an able boxer and the rounds were hotly contested. Alfred got the decision.

"One afternoon at the club I was sparring with a pupil, and, having finished just as Nestor de Goi-

couria and Jimmie Gladwin came into the room, I offered to take them both on together.

" 'Give me a minute's rest and I will lick you both.'

"My offer was promptly accepted, and at it we went.

"I meant it in fun, but soon it ceased to be a joke. They were both hard hitters, and they came at me in earnest. Moving around in lively fashion, I kept Gladwin in front of me, but lost track of Nestor, when suddenly I received a blow on the jaw from behind that nearly knocked me out. I quit.

" 'No more of this for me. I can't lick both of you. I made a mistake.'

"I was glad to stop.

"Nestor de Goicouria was a fine man. He contracted consumption, and died in the South a number of years ago.

* * * * * * *

"Jimmy Gladwin was a powerful hitter, and a very scientific boxer. Although weighing only 140 pounds, he could hit as hard as a heavyweight. It was hard work in a bout with him. He was always serious, and never loafed, but kept going all the time. Gladwin never side-stepped a fight. He was not looking for trouble, but when trouble came his way, Jimmy was there.

"Being of medium size, he was taken for an easy

mark, but when the row started there was nothing to it but Gladwin.

* * * * * * *

"Charlie Coster was a clever fighter and a very hard hitter. He had as accurate and hard a left-hand punch as any amateur or professional ever had. He was a serious worker, and in boxing with him I was always on my guard. Many a fight I have had with Coster. When training for the six-round fight with Jack Dempsey, Charlie was of great service to me in helping me get ready for the bout. Stuyve Wainright and Jimmy Motley were also of great assistance. I called them my trainers. I felt in boxing with Coster that if I could stand him off I need not fear Dempsey, and so it proved.

"One day, after my fight with Dempsey, when I was sparring with Coster at the club, I tried a shift which I had worked on Dempsey. When I had half executed the shift Charlie hit me with a straight left in the stomach, and down I went, rolling over on my hands and knees. I tried to get my breath. He had landed squarely on the solar plexus, and it was impossible for me to rise. He stood over me, counting me out. He counted fourteen before I could get to my feet. When I at last arose, I tore after him like a wildcat, and up and down the room we had it in hot fashion. I worked him into a corner, and dropped him with a blow on the jaw.

He arose in time, and as I had got even with him we stopped. Never before in all my fights had I experienced such a sensation.

"'Mike, that was a pretty good make-believe knock-out.'

"'It was genuine. You got me that time,' I replied.

"He knocked me down many a time, and so I did him, but I never knocked him out. One day he came to me and said:

"'Where's that tooth?'

"'What tooth?' I replied.

"'Why, that tooth I knocked out.'

"'Who told you you knocked out a tooth?'

"'You didn't.'

"'I wouldn't give you the satisfaction,' I answered.

"Coster and Allie Geer had many a rough go together. They were great friends, and must have had Irish blood in their veins, for the harder they fought the closer seemed their friendship.

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"Stuyve Wainright was a wonderful boxer; square-shouldered and broad, he possessed a remarkably strong and straight left hand. He was always in condition and game as a pebble. A man of most gentle and quiet manner. I have often thought what a surprise he would be to any man who picked him up for a soft mark.

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"Jimmy Motley was a lightweight, square-shouldered, and as solid as a block of wood; very strong, and an exceedingly hard hitter. He had a guard that was like iron. One day I was boxing with him, and leading with my left; I met his guard in such a way that it threw my muscle at the shoulder out of place. For many a day my left shoulder was very sore, and I remember I was quite worried over it. Coster and he were accustomed to come to the club on Sunday mornings and engage in some very rough bouts.

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"Dodie Schwegler was one of the hardest-hitting and most expert of my pupils. During the time he was boxing at the club we ran off club championships. It was certainly a rough evening. Dodie won the middleweight and heavyweight contests that evening with ease. He entered the National Amateur Championships, which were held in New York that season, and, after winning the middleweight contest, he tied with Kneip for the heavyweight prize. This bout was to have been decided later, but it never took place.

"Schwegler was a most expert and determined fighter and a credit to me. Speaking of Schwegler brings to mind men like Billie Hart, Billie Inglis, De Rivas, General McCoskry Butt, Edward Kearney, J. Coleman Drayton, Bob Edgren, Arnold Schramm, Dr. Nauen, Arthur Schroeder, Walter Schuyler, Sydney Smith, Ed. Smith, Stuart Wing,

Rex Beach, Frank Slazenger, Walter Thompson—all pupils of experience, and with a useful knowledge of how to handle the weapons of offense and defense which nature has provided.

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"Harry Talmadge was a cousin of Charlie Coster, and was a good boxer and fond of a mix-up. One day he and Coster came into the room with Charlie Power, a pupil of mine. They were all friends, but I could see something was in the air.

" 'What are you going to do?' I asked.

" 'We are going to have a go, Mike,' said Coster. 'You won't have any fight here,' I replied. 'Yes, we are going to have a fight, and a dinner is bet on it,' answered Coster; and he added, 'I am to be the referee.'

"I saw they were determined to have the bout, and I thought it had better be under my eye, so I agreed to let it go on if they would grant me the privilege of stopping it if I thought it went too far.

"Talmadge and Power squared off, and the fight was on. To see them hammering each other so vigorously and in such a serious manner was indeed a sensation. There they were pounding each other with blows from all conceivable angles, and what for? A grudge? For glory?

"No. For a dinner! Well, boys will be boys.

"So at it they continued. It was a rough go, and they were game fellows; but at the end of the bout, Charlie Coster decided that his cousin Talmadge

had lost. So the dinner was on him. They were both pretty well punished.

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"We had no end of fun in the boxing room. I remember back in 1892 Simeon Ford came in and boxed often. He would tell me a funny story or make a laughable remark, which would so convulse me that he found me helpless to protect myself from his vigorous assaults, and often he would come away the victor. Rather a foxy way of fighting—yes, what?

"Mr. Ford and Mr. F. S. Church, the artist, used to box together very often. I would be the referee. I called Mr. Ford Jim Corbett, and Mr. Church John L. Mr. Church, being quite fleshy, wore a leather belt about eight inches wide for a support. We called it the championship belt. At the end of a year Mr. Church insisted upon cutting the belt in two lengthwise and giving half to Mr. Ford, for he said it wasn't fair—Ford had worked as hard as he and should share the honors. The belt wound around the slim form of his doughty opponent just three times.

"Many members of the Stock Exchange were my pupils. Whenever a black eye appeared on the floor the fellows would say:

" 'Hello, I see you have one of Mike's mouses.'

"I was blamed for many a black eye that I did not hand out. Friends gave me a reputation for

being a slugger, but I was not. I considered myself as gentle as a lady.

"Time and space would fail me to tell of all the incidents, both amusing and serious, that happened in the sparring room at the club—of bouts with Archie Thompson, and his brother Ernie, Allie Geer, Doctor Græme Hammond, Doctor James E. Kelly, Dan Stern, Durando Miller, Jerry Mahoney, Lawrence McGuire, Tom McGuire and Charlie Knoblauch. Many of these men were most expert and finished amateur boxers—men that knew the game from start to finish, and could give and receive hard blows with equal good nature.

"As I look back over my thirty years of association with the members of the New York Athletic Club, I can realize how fortunate was my lot in life. Never in the history of boxing has teacher brought out a more accomplished number of boxers. Never had any teacher such an opportunity with such remarkable material. I have indeed been blessed. I speak this way because I believe sparring to be one of the cleanest and manliest of sports, tending to influence men in the way of sobriety and clean living.

"One of the most remarkable boxers was William H. Page, a worthy president of the club. He started his career when a student at Harvard. At that time they were holding college contests, and it seems that Mr. Page entered the tournament dur-

ing his first year. Those who saw it say it was a slaughter. I mean that Page was beaten up in royal fashion. The next year he entered again. As he appeared in the ring against the man who had given him such a terrible beating the year previous, all the students felt sorry for him. Page didn't waste any sorrow or regrets on himself, but set to work on his job. The way he polished off his opponent was a sight to see. He wound up by knocking him out at the feet of his opponent's fiancée, who had been invited to see her knight proclaimed the victor of the joust.

"The change in form was most astonishing. The secret came out later. Page had quietly spent his spare time in the intervening year amongst the scrappers of South Boston, punching and getting punched, until he had the science of the game well hammered into him. He held the light and middleweight championship of the university until he graduated. They say his blows were delivered with such power and frequency that he made the Harvard crimson the color scheme of the ring. He was dubbed 'the butcher.'

"Mr. Page came regularly into the boxing room for his exercise, and the opponent, whether he was expert, amateur or professional, of any weight, had a tough bout on his hands.

"I have told so many times of my experiences with my distinguished pupil, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and they have been written up so often

that I hesitate to repeat them here. One story in my long association with the Colonel, however, will bear repeating. It was so amusing and so characteristic. Of all the many bouts I had with the Colonel as Governor in Albany and as President in Washington, this stands out as most interesting and I know will be enjoyed in the repeating.

"I was called to Washington to give the President a go with the gloves. On my arrival I was ushered into the Library, where the head of our nation was deeply immersed in papers.

" 'Hello, Mike! Delighted to see you.' My hand was heartily wrung, and, with a punch on the shoulder, the Colonel immediately put me at ease. I knew him well as private citizen and as Governor, but how he would be as head of the most wonderful nation on the earth I didn't know. That punch enlightened me. I saw him immediately as the unchanged, unaffected, kind-hearted and wholesome human being that he had always been.

"He was in wonderful physical condition. Ordering the desk and furniture removed to one side, he left the room to don his boxing togs. I did the same. On our return, I saw by his manner and his snapping eyes that I was in for a tough bout. At it we went. The Colonel, being near-sighted without his glasses, boxed in close to his opponent. He cannot be denied. He is after you like a John L. Sullivan. Close fighting for him and rough work is to his liking.

"While we were in the midst of the bout, a delegation from Texas was announced. At the command of the President they were ushered in, and after we had all shaken hands—the President and I with our gloves still on—they were requested to range themselves along the wall till after the bout.

"Biff, bang, guard, duck, clinch and side-step over the library floor the noble President and I cavorted. Knowing how well the President was beloved by the people of the South, I must confess I kept one eye on those gentlemen from Texas. If any one of them had made a suspicious move of the hand toward his hip pocket I should have ignominiously fled through the most convenient door. All went well, although for my own protection I could not afford to let up on the President. He is tough at mixing.

"Again a delegation was announced. This time it was a committee of Methodist ministers. I thought, surely, that would end our little affair. Not at all.

" 'Show them in,' said the President; and in walked as sedate and demure and respectable a set of sky-pilots as eye had ever seen.

"Again the introduction and handshakings were performed.

" 'Now, gentlemen,' said our President, 'if you will line up on this opposite wall we will give you an exhibition of the manly art.'

"Many battles in my life have I fought, at times

in the fields at dawn of day surrounded by the toughest element of the country, fighting with the bare knuckles to a finish for a purse not much larger than the stipend granted me for my journey to Washington, at other times on the stage of some noted hall with an admixture of gentility amongst the spectators—but of all the bouts in which I have ever contested the queerest set of spectators comprised this notable gathering.

"The presence of the ministers quieted my fears of the Texas contingent. I felt that they would, at least, respect the cloth and curb any desire to resent an injury to their chief.

"As the bout progressed, it was amusing to see the sporting blood of the ministers come snapping to their eyes. I thought before we had ended the rounds that I should be compelled to accept the challenge of one or two of the most active.

"Owing to the tact and graceful management of the President, the affair ended peacefully, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I had the time of my life."

CHAPTER XIII

WORDS OF ADVICE ON METHODS OF LIVING

"When men reach the period of three score years and ten they take much delight in ventilating their particular hobby. Health has been my hobby, and as I attained this age of man with a superabundance of good health I feel somewhat qualified to give a few hints on daily living. Space will prevent my going into lengthy detail.

"Of course, my duties as instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club were a great incentive for me to keep in the best of condition. In fact, I could not have done otherwise and retained my position, for among my pupils were some of the hardest-hitting amateur boxers in the country, many of them being most expert with the gloves. I wouldn't have lasted long had my condition been poor.

"The first thing I should caution against is overeating, and, unless exercising most vigorously, sugar had better be sparingly taken. The principal causes of poor physical condition are too little sleep or rest, too much alcohol, too much tobacco, not enough water, improper food, insufficient mastication, and lack of exercise and fresh air.

"One must never forget that it is health that conquers disease. Medicine may, at times, assist health to regain control, but our faith should be pinned on health and not on medicine. Keep healthy in mind and body and few germs will ever bother. Common sense, care and will power will help a lot.

"With regard to overeating one cannot be too careful. Of course a sufficient amount of food must be taken, but as man advances in years he will find that he can exist and be well on a surprisingly small amount of food—especially if the selection be wisely made.

"Personal tastes and convenience must be consulted with regard to the time of the various meals. Some will find it best to eat only fruit for breakfast, or even to subsist on water up to noontime. Others will prefer to eat lightly at evening and heartily at breakfast. Still others may find it better for their health and convenience to make the noon meal the hearty one. In using the term 'hearty' I do not mean in the sense of a large quantity of food consumed, but a larger amount than at other meals. If food be thoroughly masticated and swallowed without drinking, the stomach will stand in little danger of becoming overloaded. Drinking of water should be done, say, an hour before meals and an hour after; little, if any, should be taken while eating. An hour before breakfast is probably the best time to give the system a thorough internal bath.

"The value of food is in building bone and tissue. Food does not give strength; rest gives strength.

"Before leaving the subject of drinking water I would suggest that at least three quarts a day should be drunk. If one be awake an hour before breakfast it would be well to have a pitcher, holding about six or eight glasses, by his side, and every little while take a mouthful until the pitcher is emptied. Water should not be gulped down in large quantities.

"Speaking of drinking, I wish to caution against alcoholic drinks. They are rank poison. Our stomachs generate all the alcohol that is necessary for the body. Every one carries his own distillery around with him. Then why put in an extra dose and so upset nature's calculations?

"Alcohol and sugar are two necessary things for the human economy. But these are abundantly provided in the ordinary food we eat. Fruits contain all the sugar needed for good health. If a man is to endure extreme exertion he can burn up a lot of sugar. Lumps of sugar can be taken under these conditions, and the sugar will have a sustaining effect. If soldiers on a long march or under great strain were to have lumps of sugar provided them it would do them good, and enable them to withstand the fatigue much more easily. Not many people know this, but it is true.

"Sugar or sweets in the shape of candy, pastry or cake is really injurious, and unless one takes vio-

lent exercise, it will be difficult for the system to rid itself of the poison. It is reported of the negroes working on the sugar plantations of the South that they are fine specimens of humanity—large, powerful, and with beautiful teeth; yet their main article of diet is the sugar cane. Sugar in that form is not injurious, and, especially, if one exercises sufficiently. The system burns up waste tissue when under physical strain, and when the waste tissue is consumed then it attacks the good tissue. That is the reason a man in a four-mile rowing race will leave the boat from four to five or even to seven pounds lighter than when he started. If he had eaten a few lumps of sugar just before going into the boat, the heat generated by his efforts would have consumed the carbon or sugar in his stomach before attacking the good tissue of the body, and would have saved him from that feeling of utter exhaustion.

"This is also true of a man entering a gruelling contest with the gloves. Enter the ring with the stomach quite empty, but just before the bout eat two lumps of cane sugar—not beet sugar. The cane sugar is always rough in the lump, the beet sugar is smooth. There may be some smooth cane sugar, but this is a safe distinction.

"Brandy was formerly given to men in the ring, but of late years alcoholic drinks are never thought of. The modern fighter is too well informed of the disastrous effects of this poison to use it under any circumstances. The most prominent fighters of the

present day never touch alcoholic drinks in any form, not even beer. Alcohol is a narcotic, not a stimulant. This has only recently been discovered. Alcohol consumes the heat of the body; it does not give warmth. These statements appear contrary to our experience, but nevertheless they are true.

"The story is told of three men passing the night in a deserted hut, in which they had sought shelter from a blizzard while crossing a mountain range. One drank freely of whiskey before going to sleep, another took sparingly, and the third took none. In the morning the third man found it difficult to rouse his friend who drank but little, as he was nearly frozen to death. The first man who drank the quantity was dead. So we see we cannot always judge by appearances. The man who drank freely went to sleep quickly, as he seemed warm and comfortable; the man who abstained suffered quite a bit before sleeping, but when he slept, the natural heat of the body was retained, and was not affected by the alcohol.

"As for its stimulating effect, the strongest proof that it has only the appearance of stimulating is the experience of the soldiers in this European war. All the warring nations have either curtailed or abolished alcoholic drinks. Alcohol is a blessing to man, but only as it is naturally generated in the stomach by the human machine. Distilled by man, it has proved a most awful curse to the race. It is concentrated wretchedness, lust and hell, and should

be thrown out of the country. I am no reformer, moralist or religious crank, but from the point of view of physical and mental health, alcoholic drinks should be abolished.

"When men stop drinking they feel as though they were doing the unusual, as if they were denying themselves. Why not look at it the other way about: they that drink are doing that which is poisoning their systems and giving them a distorted and untrue view of life, and is injurious to their health. As to smoking—a man in training should do none of it. It would be better physically for a man if he never smoked. However, if he has acquired the habit, a pipe is the least harmful. Cigarettes are bad because they are inhaled. Cigars should be taken in moderation, if at all. Tobacco injures the heart, nerves and stomach.

"I speak so decidedly about drink and tobacco, not so much to try to influence the man as to help the youth in forming good habits. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. It is difficult to get a man to change his method of living; his habits are formed. But the lad should know from those that have gone through the experience that certain things are well to avoid, and can be easily passed by when they have not become a habit. Why endeavor to form those habits when it is just as easy to save a lot of trouble and possible failure and disaster in life by not flirting with such wretched practices that can never bless but only curse? It isn't

brave, it isn't manly, to drink and smoke cigarettes. Some of the most prominent sporting men and cleverest gamblers never touch alcoholic drinks. They are too canny. Fighting men never drink now.

"So, my good lad, just starting on the pathway of life, don't permit some poorly informed and misguided acquaintance to fasten upon your thought any silly ideas that drinking and smoking are the distinguishing marks of a brave and powerful man, for they are not.

"Now with regard to sleep. This is something that is more or less individual. However, I am inclined to differ with a few prominent authorities, notably Mr. Edison. He says four or five hours' sleep in the twenty-four are sufficient. I say at least eight, and I prefer ten. It seems to me reasonable to take at least eight hours' sleep, as the body is storing up nervous energy when in sleep. Sleep gives nervous strength. Food does not give strength; food merely supplies lost tissue. So give me sleep. I could not have been in good condition unless I obtained my ten hours of rest. I did not sleep the whole ten hours, but I lay and rested, and after an hour or two of rest, I always slept soundly the remainder of my time in bed, say ten hours. I attribute to my ten hours of rest the ability I possessed to step lively and box fast. To rest and to the good care and advice of my old friend and physician, Dr. James E. Kelly, many years of my life were due.

"With regard to exercise, a great deal can be said. Much that is written and taught is not worth much. It is well to have muscle, but not too much. One should never work just to accumulate large muscles. They are apt to sap the vitality. If one has cultivated a large muscular development it will be best to see that each day, or at least three times a week, the body is well exercised—especially in the open air. My experience is that the men of tremendous muscles are awkward and slow. A young man or lad starting his athletic career will do well to let that special athletic activity develop the necessary muscle. Possibly a little outside work or gym work may help, but not to excess. Five minutes a day, or at the most ten a day, can be devoted to muscle-building exercise. That will be sufficient.

"To men of middle age I should advise caution in methods of exercise. Remember that you are no longer a youth, and cannot jump into violent exertion with safety. If, after years of inactivity, it should occur to you that you ought to exercise because you may not feel in good condition, be careful how you commence again. Take everything moderately, and for a short time, gradually getting your heart and lungs into the proper condition for receiving the increased and rapid flow of blood.

"It is best for a man never to cease his customary and natural exercise. Treat yourself in this respect as considerately as you do in eating. You would not go without food for a number of years;

neither should you deprive yourself of exercise for that length of time. We must never forget that a larger percentage of the impurities of the body pass through the lungs and the pores of the flesh than pass through the bowels. If one does not have a movement of the bowels every day he becomes anxious. But if he does not have a sweat or an opportunity to breathe freely of good fresh air he thinks nothing of it. The sweat and the fresh air are more necessary to health than the daily movement of the bowels.

"If one exercises strenuously and sweats freely he will find the bowels will not move as frequently or copiously; for the reason that considerable refuse has been passed off through the lungs and the pores of the skin.

"There are many systems of exercises now being taught by mail. Some are good, some poor, and others positively injurious. Those exercises that over-develop the muscles or the lungs are not good for the average man. The exercises that cause good fresh blood to flow through the veins, carrying away the impurities of the body without the idea of over-developing, are beneficial.

"There is also another point to be considered. When men advance in years, they lose the power of coördination of brain and muscle. Their muscles do not respond quickly to either their conscious or subconscious mind. This is entirely due to their lack of practice. If men were to continue boxing,

or fencing, or wrestling, or tennis, or baseball, or any other sport which requires quick action, they would never lose their power of coördination. Many times in later life it will be found most necessary that the muscles should quickly respond to the desire of the brain.

"A friend of mine told me that because he had boxed all his life he was saved from a broken neck. It seems that he was in a railroad accident, and as he was being whirled down the aisle of the chair car, he found himself rushing toward one of the heavy chairs. He was on his hands and knees, but could not get up. His head was carried in such a position that he would have struck the chair with his forehead. If the blow had been received squarely, his neck would have been broken. Just as he was about to strike the chair, he ducked as I had taught him to, pulling the chin down and to the side; the chair hit him a glancing blow, merely scraping the skin from the base of the nose. Only the quick response of the muscle to the brain saved his life. Another friend expressed this idea of the action of the muscles as 'spiritualizing the muscles.' I thought the expression was excellent. Muscles must be spiritualized. They must be brought into the realm of mind. Only through practice can this be done. Many accidents to the middle-aged and the older persons could be avoided if some sport were followed moderately all the days of their lives.

"Boxing, of course, would be my choice, and I

think I have named the one sport that comprehends all bodily activity and is the most useful. The co-ordination of brain and muscle must be constant and instantaneous in a lively bout with the gloves. The movements are often complex: leading, ducking, guarding and footwork are frequently employed at the same moment. Two friends, understanding each other, can have a most enjoyable and beneficial exercise if they know the art of self-defense.

"Every one—man, woman and child—should know how to use scientifically the weapons of offense and defense which nature has given us. If one knew well the fundamentals of boxing, any disagreeable chance blow would be far outweighed by the benefit and enjoyment one would experience. Hitting, guarding, ducking and footwork, being the fundamentals of boxing, should be most carefully studied. Learn these and boxing becomes a wonderfully enjoyable pastime. It may prove very useful in an emergency and might, at times, save life. It is a clean sport and a manly sport. It bespeaks fairness to the opponent.

"If one does not wish to box or has not the time and opportunity, it will be possible to derive much of the benefit, both physical and mental, if shadow sparring be done. Shadow sparring is boxing with an imaginary opponent. It is often done in front of a mirror. Boxers training for a contest do a lot of it. It accustoms the muscles to answer quickly

the commands of the brain. In the words of my friend, it helps to 'spiritualize the muscles.' If one will learn how to hit, guard, duck and employ footwork scientifically one can become a proficient boxer by shadow-sparring in his own room and occasionally, if the opportunity presents, boxing with an opponent. Every one should know this art, for it is the king of all sports. One knowing it is better qualified to enter any sport. To be an expert boxer is to insure confidence in one's self and also to command respect from others.

"The manly art of self-defense must not be misconstrued into the idea that it is the unmanly art of making one's self offensive. Kind words and a kindly thought are often more effective than fists or weapons. Fighting men, like the bulldog, are generally good-natured. A good boxer who is a thoroughbred seldom resorts to fists. If it be necessary to defend or punish, he will not do more than is absolutely necessary. I have seen and known of professional fighting men running away from a street scrap. It doesn't appeal to them to beat up a poor defenseless individual, as are most of the men one meets in the street. As a rule, the more a man wants to fight in the street or in a public place the less he is apt to know about the game of fighting. A good stiff left-hand jab on the nose generally takes all the fight out of the most noisy. If that does not suffice, a right-hand swing to the point of the jaw will make them so tame they will eat out

of your hand after they have regained consciousness. This blow on the jaw is a dangerous one if delivered in the street, as the victim's head is generally the first part of his body to strike the ground. If the head strike the stone pavement a fractured skull may be the result. So unless it be absolutely necessary it will be best to use the jab for the nose only.

"In this chapter I have given but a brief outline of my ideas on health and healthful pursuits. It was not my intention to elaborate.

"The five essentials for the preservation of human life are: Air, water, sleep, food and exercise. These are important in order named. The habits of the body should be formed so that these five essentials are given their proper value."

CHAPTER XIV

INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES

At the old clubhouse of the N. Y. A. C., on Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, Professor Donovan on Ladies' Day would often given exhibitions of boxing. For these occasions he would select to go on with him a pupil who could make an interesting contest. The crowds of beautiful women arrayed in the fashion of the day made a most charming sight as they sat around the ringside. There were no ropes. The boundary of the ring was formed by the laps of the women.

At the appearance of the handsome form of the popular Professor round after round of applause was delightedly given. Mike always received the compliment in a dignified manner. It was an agreeable sight to see him standing in the center of such a group of society women and being received in such a royal way. It was not only a tribute to the popular Professor, but was also a compliment to the manly art of boxing.

On one of these memorable occasions the Professor had invited a vigorous young pupil to be on the receiving end of the bout. The youngster was

much impressed with his first public appearance, and asked the Professor how to conduct himself. He hardly knew whether his work was expected to be rough or mild. Mike told him to cut out the pace and he would follow.

On entering the ring, the inexperienced one was so overcome with the attractiveness of the scene that he determined to put up the best that was in him. After the ceremonious handshake in the center of the ring the two boxers retired to their corners, as is the custom of the game. Mike had gracefully sauntered over to his corner, and at the call of time he turned around to step to the center of the ring when, to his amazement, he was met by his young pupil, who had rushed over to his corner and in a crazy, wild-eyed fashion commenced to slug away for dear life. Donovan was in a corner. The space was too limited to side-step. He didn't care to smash his opponent too hard, and before he could clinch, the impetus of the attack threw him over into a lady's lap. There he sat for an instant too astonished to move.

Peals of laughter arose at the evident embarrassment of Mike. The pupil withdrew in consternation at the result of his over-anxiety to make the bout lively from start to finish. He saw now his mistake, and he also realized that he was in for rough handling, as the Professor, bounding from the lap of the fair one, approached his victim with no gentle look in his fierce gray eyes. The youngster

stood up to the gaff in good shape, for he realized that he deserved all that was coming to him. And it came. From all the angles known to fistiana it came. What that young man didn't have done to him wasn't worth mentioning. He fought back as best he could, but against that human cyclone his efforts were feeble. After the first round Mike saw that it was all a mistake, so he cooled down, and then the bout proceeded at a normal pace.

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In Mike Donovan's early fights the contestants did not wear any gloves. Blows were delivered in a quick, jabbing manner, and the main object of attack was the eyes. To close them with repeated blows marked the commencement of the end. From this method of fighting many scars were given. Mike had more than his share. Scars as if they were cuts from a knife could be seen on the veteran's brow. Mike always received as many of these jabs as he possibly could on the forehead for two reasons: to save his eyes and to try to break his opponent's knuckles with the hard frontal bone.

The custom of the ring gradually changed from not using any gloves to driving gloves, then to one ounce and a half to two ounce gloves, and now, in these effete days of soft living, they wear five and six ounce gloves. They accumulate no scars now.

Some noted wag has said, in contrasting these times, with regard to the customs of the ring, with

the times of yore, that the fighters then after a battle retired to their homes—if they were lucky enough to have any—and took to their beds for two or three weeks to recuperate from their injuries, but now after a fight they put on their evening clothes and go out to receptions held in their honor. Then they received a few hundred dollars—that is the winner did, but the loser nothing—now they won't step into the ring without being guaranteed thousands, win or lose.

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Mike Donovan was nothing if not optimistic. In the midst of great discouragement and disaster, if he but see one ray of light, one indication on which he could pin his hope and faith, his good stout heart immediately beat the braver and his grasp on the prize to him appeared certain. The goddess of victory found it difficult to elude his embrace if she but gave him a faint smile of encouragement.

McClellan, who greatly admired his friend Donovan, told of an incident in their fight on the coast which well illustrates this characteristic.

After Mike had been thrown by him on the boards of the stage for fifty-three rounds, every round ending with Mike flat on his back, Mac was getting ready to throw him in the fifty-fourth round, and not being able to grasp him as firmly as desired, he rubbed his hands on his breeches. Mike was leaning on the ropes almost done for, but

seeing McClellan in his unguarded position, he suddenly sprang upon him and threw him.

"I've got you now, Mac," yelled Mike in McClellan's ear. How could a man of such remarkable optimism suffer defeat?

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In speaking of his last fight with McClellan, Mike said:

"It was a sad affair. It should never have taken place. Some sports and gossips who hung around the Hoffman House barroom were accountable for that meeting. They were tale bearers and trouble brewers. They thought it would be good sport to see us in the ring again, and they at last brought us together.

"We met in the Eighth Street Theater. McClellan was then boxing instructor at Wood's Gymnasium and I was at the New York Athletic Club. I offered to give Mac one hundred dollars if I could not stop him in four rounds, and he was to receive nothing if I succeeded.

"Poor Mac wasn't in it from the start. After hitting him in the stomach a few times, I planted my right on his jaw, and it was all over in twenty-eight seconds. Denny Butler, my brother-in-law, threw a bucket of water over Mac to revive him, and they took him to his dressing-room in bad shape.

"I followed and taking Mac by the hand, I said: 'Mac, my boy, we should never have fought again.

It was brought about by a lot of gossips.' " (It was told by a man who was in McClellan's room and saw it, that Mike pressed one hundred and twenty-five dollars into Mac's hand. That amount of money to Mike at that time, with his large family, was considerable. McClellan appreciated the kindness for according to the written and signed agreement he was to receive nothing in case he was stopped inside of four rounds. This fight was a notable event in local sporting circles, and was well attended by the sporting element, and also by clubmen.)

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To see the Professor in the bosom of his family was a sight good to behold—with one of the children at the piano accompanying the combined efforts of the family in singing the favorite old Irish melodies, such as "The Wearing of the Green" or "Mother McCrea."

Beloved by his obedient children, his life within the family circle retained a charm that all the rough, ring experiences and evil environment of his early days could never mar. Grandchildren came to bless the declining years of the Professor. The love Mike bestowed upon his children and his grandchildren revealed his affectionate heart. Although, as he once said, he was a "hell of a rough skate," through the influence of his good wife he developed into a man of dignity and gentle courtesy. Mrs. Donovan proved an ideal wife and a wise and loving mother.

The one great puzzle of Mike's life was how his good wife ever lost her heart to him. Time and again, in his simple manner, he asked her this question and always came back the artless answer: "It must have been your eyes, my dear."

An early grave would have been the portion of the brave fighter were it not for the motherly care and protection and wisdom with which Mrs. Donovan guarded her well-beloved. Wild as an Irish hare, it required great tact and patience to control such activities. Innocent of the ways of the world, her pure heart kept her dearest ever constant and true. In all the wanderings and changes of his sporting career the thought of his patient, loving and pure wife at home always ruled and protected Mike and kept him also pure.

In listening to the tale of the many battles of the Professor's strenuous career, the poor scribe has been forced numerous times to stand up and be illustrated upon. The whacks and thumps that have been administered to his unfortunate and long-suffering anatomy have been numberless.

Mike was nothing if not enthusiastic. With bright and flashing eye and cheeks red with excited blood he would make it very plain to the writer of this narrative how Sullivan, for instance, would knock a man down and practically out, not by a blow on the jaw or behind the ear, but by a tremendous impact of the forearm with the neck; and crash would come that stout forearm of the Pro-

fessor on the poor unoffending neck of his faithful Boswell.

"You see," would say Mike, "that's the way Sullivan would land that blow."

"Yes, I see," would be the reply, and then would be added: "How interesting," or "fancy!" "really!" "my word!" or some other expression that happened to come to the poor shattered brain.

The Professor was not more sparing on himself. Completely lost in the enthusiasm of his recital, he would illustrate how, for instance, when he knocked McClellan through the ropes in California Mac fell on his face with head hanging over the lowest rope; dancing around, he suddenly dove forward onto a wooden railing, giving his head a glorious bump; he merely rubbed it a bit and continued with his narrative, not in the least noticing the injury, which was visibly swelling into quite a respectable lump.

It was delightful to see the boyish enthusiasm, the darting eye, the excited manner of the old warrior as he recalled the long forgotten incidents of his many fights.

In listening to the reading of the chapters of this book as they were completed, the Professor was a most flattering audience. As the memories flashed through his active brain nervous twitchings of the face and hands, and clenching of the fists, would indicate his evident enjoyment.

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"My meeting with Jack Dempsey," he said, "was

brought about by the gossips of the Hoffman House barroom. My name was brought up in Dempsey's presence after an exhibition I had sparred with him, a light-tapping, good-natured affair, and some one expressed the opinion I could best him.

"Jack was then not only the middleweight champion but was called the 'Nonpareil.' He couldn't stand for that so he came back with some disparaging remark, and then the fat was in the fire. Of course his remark was repeated to me. I got mad and asked Eugene Comisky, a friend of mine, who was sporting writer on the *Evening Telegram,* to hunt up Dempsey and see if he could get him to make a statement that he could best me, and get his permission to print it. He managed it and the next day I sent papers to Dempsey by Denny Butler, challenging him to fight me six rounds at my benefit. I was to give him sixty-five per cent., win, lose or draw.

"Butler went to Dempsey's saloon near Fulton Market and got his signature. I was glad to have this bout with Dempsey, for I knew it would be a big drawing card at my benefit. It has been reported that Dempsey did not train for that fight; I know he went into training quarters at Far Rockaway, and was there for a number of days. So he must have done something toward training. I used to get up in the mornings and walk around the reservoir in the Park. I also gave boxing lessons to my pupils at the club in the afternoons. Two weeks

before the bout I laid off from my boxing duties, so I did not have such strenuous time at training.

"Thinking I would get a bigger crowd, I hired a hall in Williamsburg where Dempsey lived. The place was packed.

"Many of my friends thought I was foolish to make this match. Mr. Inglis, who was then on the *World* and a member of the club (N. Y. A. C.) met me one day in front of the *Herald* office, Broadway and Ann Street, and told me that if I got bested I might lose my job at the club. He felt that I was taking on too big a contract. I laughed at him and told him he needn't worry; I might not beat Dempsey, but that Jack couldn't best me. Mr. Inglis left me feeling better.

"It was a great meeting. I set the pace for Dempsey all the way. He was backing all around the ring. Round after round I out-pointed him, and toward the end I knocked out one of his teeth. The body punches I gave him made him sick. I had much the best of the bout.

"Billy O'Brien, the referee, called it a draw. He said afterwards he did not want to take away a Champion's reputation in a six-round bout. Pat Sheedy, the sporting man, a good judge of boxing, told me just after the bout that I had never fought better in my life. He had seen me in many a fight. He said that it was my fight, all right."

[Billy Inglis, who was in Mike's dressing-room after the bout, said the first thing Mike did was to

call for a telegraph blank and wire Mrs. Donovan: "Dear Celia, won easy, (signed) Mike."

As Mike was being rubbed down, Jack Dempsey burst into the room. He still had the gloves on, and rushing up to Mike, he grasped him by the hand and begged him for another match.

"You must give me another chance, Mike," begged Dempsey, and tears were in his eyes.

It must be admitted that it was a pretty hard thing for Dempsey to feel that he had been bested by a man who was twelve years out of the ring. He was not only middleweight champion but was considered unbeatable. This defeat started Dempsey drinking, and after he lost to Fitzsimmons, his health gave way and he died.]

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"One of my early fights," said Mike, "stands out in my memory very clearly—the fight I had with John Boyne. He was a seasoned fighter, and I was but a lad. He was a heavyweight and I, what is known now as a welterweight. It was a frightfully cold day in January. The fight took place on a farm outside of Indianapolis, Indiana.

"As we plowed through the snow, breasting the bitter cold wind that was blowing a gale across the open country, it chilled us all to the bone. In the farmhouse I hugged the fire and tried my best to thaw out. My seconds thoughtfully warmed two bricks so that I might place my feet on them when

I was resting between rounds. The ring was pitched between haystacks to break the terrible force of the gale.

"Stripped to the waist, we toed the scratch at the call of time. Boyne looked to me like a giant. I saw that the only way to defeat him was to use my feet and a left-hand jab. I found out that I was a better wrestler than my opponent so I did not fear closing in on him to throw him. But I couldn't use up too much strength, for Boyne was too tough a fighter.

"Before we started to fight I could see that he thought it would be only a few rounds before I would be defeated. He kept calling me 'kid.' But after we got going, the serious look came into his face, and I saw that I had him worried. This gave me nerve.

"After we had been fighting a while I was so numb that I could hardly close my hands. They felt as though they would break when I landed my left jab on Boyne's nose and my right on his body. I wanted to beat them against my body so that the blood might circulate more freely in them. But I wasn't going to show my opponent that I was feeling badly, so I wouldn't do it. Then, much to my relief and astonishment, I saw him back away from me and commence to beat his hands around his body—swinging them under his armpits and slapping them on the opposite sides of his body.

"It didn't take me a second before I did the same.

There we stood slapping away like good fellows. My, but that did feel good! But it looked funny. I would have laughed if it had not been such a serious situation; we were nearly frozen. The bricks were a great comfort to me while they continued hot. But after a time they became cold too. It was a dreary affair.

"We fought twenty-three rounds. It finished in a peculiar manner. He had my head in chancery, and was slowly pounding me into unconsciousness. Being larger and stronger than I was, I could not break away from his iron hold. Suddenly it occurred to me that I could lift him and throw him over my head. I thought he would let go of me as he was going, but he didn't. He carried me with him and we both crashed to the ground with terrific force, he striking on his head and I falling on my back.

"Falling on the hard frozen ground knocked him insensible, and it almost put me out also. Our seconds separated us and rushed us to our corners to revive us. When time was called, I was assisted to the scratch and stood there waiting my opponent. Imagine my relief and joy, when instead of Boyne coming to the scratch, I saw his seconds throw in the sponge.

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"The first time I ever met Herman Oelrichs was when he and Louis Livingston and several other

Union Club men were making up purses for prominent fighters to battle for. They started the idea of giving purses around New York. They were young men who could box, and they liked the sport. Prof. Charlie Ottingnon was the best teacher in the city at that time and he was an exceedingly able teacher.

"In April, 1878, W. C. McClellan and I were matched to fight for a purse put up by Herman Oelrichs and his friends. It took me some time before I could convince these gentlemen that I was worthy of meeting McClellan. I had Billie Edwards working for me, and even Joe Goss had to go down to the city from Troy and speak a good word for me before they would consent to give me a show. Goss had boxed with me, and he told them that I could best McClellan. At last they gave me a purse of $1000 to go into training.

"The fight took place at Clarendon Hall, Thirteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues. It was on the 6th of April, 1878. I had never been in such a small ring. McClellan was a great favorite, and it looked to me as if the ring was made to favor him. Being a very strong man and heavier than I, it was all in his favor.

"The fight was a slashing affair, and by rights I should have received the decision in the fifth round. Later in a mixup he grabbed me around the neck, hanging on to save himself, and as he did so I hit him on the jaw and put him down. The referee

then stopped the bout, giving it to McClellan in the fourteenth round. He didn't understand that in-fighting was allowed.

"I felt awfully bad to think that all this money was not to be mine. It was a great blow to me, because I did not have a cent to my name at that time. The whole affair affected me so badly that I completely lost my temper, and as soon as the fight was ended, I went over to McClellan's corner and gave one of his seconds a good licking. His name was Ed Mallon. All during the fight he had been making very nasty remarks to me, and I went over to him to get even. After I had knocked him down, I returned to my corner.

"In the meantime a purse had been made up for me by the men around the ring side. Five hundred dollars they gave to me, and it was mighty fine of them. They knew I didn't have a penny to my name, and I needed money for my family.

"The next day was Sunday and I rested up. On Monday a man came to me from McClellan and handed me $250. Some one had told him that would be the white thing to do, seeing that I had really licked him, and that it was only because the referee did not know his business that the decision was given against me. It was a mighty nice thing for Mac to have done, anyway. I gave old Goss $100 and Jack Turner $100.

"In a month I was enabled to get another match with McClellan. This time it was under special

rules. Mac thought they favored him but I didn't care as long as I could get him into the same ring with me again. The purse was put up by Plunger Walton, a great race-horse man. He kept the St. James Hotel and was a big politician.

"Again the ring was the same size as before but I told Mac that I would fight him in a hogshead if he wished, and that I would lick him too. This time I got him in seventeen minutes. The contest took place in Monsterry Academy, Sixth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street. My seconds were Joe Goss and Jerry Donovan. Mallon and Johnny Dwyer were McClellan's seconds. Billy Barst was referee.

"During the fight Dwyer claimed a foul. He saw that it was going against McClellan, and he wanted to save the money for his side. I didn't think this action was fair and square of Dwyer, and I hunted him up the next day and challenged him to a fight. I felt that I could lick him, as he had only a right-hand swing, and that was all the blow he knew. I was certain that no man could defeat me with only one blow in his head. He refused to accept my challenge.

"There were many notable people at the ring side that night. Captain Williams, in citizen's clothes, kept order. There were about one hundred of the most prominent Clubmen and the better element of the sporting world in attendance. One hundred and $200 were the prices for the tickets. Walton made

about $7000 clear profit that night. He gave me $500 extra, which made my share $1500.

"I made up my mind to get Dwyer if I could. I was confident I could defeat him. Although he weighed about 175 pounds, and I about 150 pounds, I felt that he could not keep the pace with me. I was very fast in those days, and exceedingly strong for a man of my weight.

"The Monday after the fight I went down to Jim Collier's place at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, where I knew I would find Dwyer, and there I also met Joe Goss, Jim Cusick, and Jerry Donovan, my brother. There were also some other sporting men in the saloon at the time. The talk drifted naturally into the fighting game, and some one asked if I would fight Johnny Dwyer.

"Jerry, my brother, immediately spoke up: 'Oh, no. He's too big.'

"I told Jerry not to interfere with my business, and that I could make my own fighting arrangements. I said that I certainly would be willing to fight Dwyer, and not only was I willing but very anxious to fight him.

"Old Mr. Gallagher drew a check for $1000 and I offered it to Dwyer as my stake.

" 'Dwyer, I will challenge you, and here's my check for $1000 to bind the match. You tried to rob me of that fight Friday night. Yet I saved your life in Troy. You would have been kicked to

death if it hadn't been for me. I can lick you. Come across with the money.'

"Well, by golly! he turned the color of a sheet. His excuse was that he was thinking about fighting Paddy Ryan.

" 'You won't fight Ryan for at least six months and I will fight you in two weeks or a month as you wish. I can best you, Dwyer.'

"I got his goat right there. He was nervous and scared, and before all the men that were there he refused me. That was a fine man to hold the American heavyweight championship."

XV

LETTERS FROM FORMER PUPILS AND FRIENDS

FROM JUDGE H. A. GILDERSLEEVE

"In reply to your request for a few words of comment on Mike Donovan as a teacher and man, I must say that it is upwards of twenty-five years since I first became acquainted with him. He had many friends and admirers at that time and, to my knowledge, made a great many since. I believe that all remained his friends. I consider that this fact constitutes the highest possible evidence of his efficiency as a teacher, his good character as a man, and his loyalty as a friend. It may truthfully be said of him as well as of Jim Bludso, 'He never flunked and he never lied.'

"I recall an incident in his life that may be worth mentioning. He had participated in some minor capacity in what in the days gone by was known as a 'prize fight.' It took place in a jurisdiction far removed from the metropolis in a state where he was personally unknown. He had been indicted, and the day for trial was near at hand, when he asked me for a letter of recommendation. In a few

lines, addressed 'To whom it may concern,' I stated the high esteem in which he was held by the members of the Athletic Club, where he had been employed for years, and commended him to the kind consideration of those into whose hands he might fall. When the case was moved for trial he handed this recommendation to the prosecuting officer, who communicated it to the judge presiding. His frank statements, respectful and agreeable manners, at once won the confidence of the court, and at recess he was invited to lunch with the judge and the members of the bar. He entertained them with some narratives of his achievements as a boxer, returned to the courtroom, and the trial proceeded. What he had anticipated might prove a very serious matter resulted in an enjoyable event. As far as I know, this is the only time he was ever in the custody of the law.

"I congratulated him upon the agreeable surroundings in which he found himself in his declining years. I know of no one more deserving of rest, comfort and happiness."

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FROM J. COLEMAN DRAYTON

"I can give my opinion of Mike, both as a teacher and a man, in very few words.

"My experience in an endeavor to learn the manly

art extends over a period, alas! of forty-four years. I took my first lesson from a man called Hildebrand, in Philadelphia, in 1871, since when I have had many teachers here and in England. In that lengthy experience I can honestly say that I have never had a better teacher than Professor Mike Donovan. No, nor as good!

"His tact was unfailing. Often in later years, when I found myself out of breath, after a few minutes of boxing, Mike, with much deceptive effort of lungs, would puff and pant in keeping with my condition, and to console me, say that we had had a very quick five minutes. Or if by some rare chance I really landed on Mike—unlike other teachers from whom I have received cut lips and black eyes in return—his unfailing 'Very Clever' really made me believe, for the moment, I knew 'the game' or was beginning to.

"I feel that my time has come, and that my boxing days are over, and I know I shall never find any teacher to give me the exercise and pleasure he did.

"As to the man, he was as honest as they make them, in and out of the ring; as kindly as a woman to a friend, as fierce as the devil to an enemy (he had few), with a pluck both physical and moral that was beyond question. A man who was my friend and whose friend I was proud to be."

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FROM A. V. DE GIOCOURIA

"To say or do anything for Prof. Mike Donovan was always a great pleasure.

"I first heard his name mentioned by Prof. Charles Ottignon, the greatest of boxing teachers. I was one of his pupils, and one day after my regular exercise he told me he had met a very smart-looking, game and clever young fellow who would surely make his mark as a boxer, and that this young man was Mike Donovan. Ottignon's prophecy was correct; he became the Champion.

"I knew Mike for many years, had much to do with him; never saw him do anything that was not manly and honourable, and I trusted him. I have many anecdotes to relate about him, but one just comes to my mind showing the honest and truthful Professor. I was sitting in the boxing-room of the club, with a curtain separating me from the part of the room where Mike was giving a private lesson—as it happened to a new pupil—when I overheard this conversation (Mike was instructing his new pupil on different blows, counters and so forth, but to almost every explanation the pupil would argue and answer): 'Well, in that case I leave myself open (here or there),' or, 'In that case I would do (so and so).' Mike after a while seemed to give up the argument and said: 'My dear Sir, I am here to show you the best way of boxing, hitting and

stopping, but let me tell you now, that when you are fighting, you can not be picking out spots.'

"Wasn't that like honest Mike?"

"I have only one word to add; that he was one of the men I always loved to shake by the hand. I want to thank you for thinking of me in connection with the book of Mike's life."

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FROM J. L. GLADWIN

"Your request that I should write an interesting anecdote relative to the many happy hours passed in Mike Donovan's company has awakened a perfect flood of agreeable souvenirs, but they are so confused and mixed up with pleasant memories that it is impossible for me to separate them.

"Regarding my personal appreciation of the character of Mike Donovan, I am very happy to say that nothwithstanding the very long time and great distance that has separated us I entertained always for him the greatest esteem and most sincere affection.

"I thank you very much for your kind inquiries regarding our safety—happily up to the present we have suffered no personal loss. We often hear the big guns in the distance but, praise God, the French line still remains unbroken. Every day, however, brings new names to be added to the long list of friends who have gone. It is very sad.

"With many thanks for your letter and an affectionate souvenir to dear Old Mike."

Poligny, France.

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FROM HUGH H. BAXTER

"I have known and liked Mike for more than thirty years. A little incident occurs to my mind which may show Mike's character in a line entirely removed from sport.

"I came into the fencing room in the old Fifty-fifth Street clubhouse about seven o'clock one night when the instructors in the various departments were having their dinner. In some way the talk turned to the Civil War and Mike began giving me a description of the battle of Gettysburg. He became very much interested in his explanation, and began removing various articles from the table and laying out a sort of map on the floor. The salt-cellar and pepper-pot represented the Confederate lines—knives, forks and spoons represented the disposition of the Union forces.

"Before we got through the table was entirely stripped, but I had a better idea of the battle of Gettysburg than I ever obtained from reading history."

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FROM B. F. O'CONNOR

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to join with Mike's old pupils and friends in expressing appreciation of the high and sterling qualities of our beloved instructor in the manly art of self-defense.

"To me Mike's conduct, teaching and character expressed as lofty an ideal of American manhood in his humble career as we find anywhere.

"It was not alone his skill and success as a teacher of boxing, his unfailing good humor and cheerfulness, his readiness to give and take and his absolute devotion to our interests that endeared him to all his pupils; his manly personality and rigid adherence to the true spirit of sportsmanship and fair play and his wise counsels to shun bullying and aggressiveness, while prepared to resent and punish hostile interference with right and justice were as good a guide to manly conduct as could be desired.

"No one ever heard Mike advocate seeking a row or ever inviting it by aggressive acts. To him the rights of every individual were sacred. It was only when these were endangered or disputed that he believed a man should fight.

"Can we find anywhere a better principle of conduct than that which he inculcated? Be prepared—be skillful in attack and defense—be ready to meet any adversary without fear or favor—but never exercise your skill and strength except to defend jus-

tice and the right, or resent and punish arrogance and injustice.

"After more than thirty years of intimate acquaintance with Mike, I can truthfully say, with I think the vast majority, if not all of his old pupils, that my esteem for Mike as a man and my appreciation of his qualities of heart and soul increased year after year. His influence was always for good and his teachings and example inspired hundreds of our best and noblest American youth, not to seek broils and disputes, but if forced into them, not to shirk the conflict and above all not to flinch when duty called."

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FROM W. H. PAGE

"I knew Mike some twenty-four years. My acquaintance certainly was intimate. During that entire time I suppose I have boxed—with much benefit—at least once a week on the average.

"My four oldest sons were taught by him, beginning at an age so young that, at the outset, they had either to stand on the table or he on his knees.

"I remember particularly his advice to one of them:

" 'It is a fine thing to be a good boxer, but never forget, my boy, that it is more important to be a man.'

"Mike was the type that never grew old, physically or mentally, a type that is a credit to any community, a man who leaves a memory behind that all will respect and that all that knew him will honor."

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FROM WALTER G. SCHUYLER

"It gives me pleasure to say to you that during all my executive connection with the N. Y. A. C. and many other Athletic and Aquatic organizations it has never been my experience that any instructor proved more capable, had higher ideals of his profession or possessed, in my estimation, a more lucid method of imparting his instruction to his pupils than our respected friend, Professor Mike Donovan.

"His keen perception, never failing good humor and proficiency, and his strict attention, to a remarkable degree, to all the numerous details of his calling; his correct habits, high character and business punctuality with every appointment naturally has endeared him, without exception, to all those that came in contact with him officially, or as pupil.

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FROM COL. DANIEL APPLETON

"I knew Professor Mike Donovan all my life, in fact since the Civil War, and I know that in addi-

tion to his professional abilities as a boxer, he was one of the sincerest men I ever met. His life was always upright, and he stood for good citizenship. My regard for him was so great that I have taken the liberty of writing my letter on regimental paper, something we do not do as a rule, except on official business."

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FROM H. A. BUERMEYER

"I have been interested in the pugilistic game since 1857, and have had a personal acquaintance with all the boxers from Heenan to John L. Sullivan.

"I heard of Donovan at Chas. Ottignon's boxing rooms, I think in the late 70's. I was told by Ottignon that Donovan was not only a clever boxer but that he had a good fighting brain, and that he would beat McClellan, who, at that time, was considered the best we had here of his weight.

"I acted as referee at Donovan's first battle with McClellan, and I disqualified Donovan for not obeying my instructions. After a long fight, in which Donovan had the best of the game all the way, McClellan was so weak and tired in the last round that he clinched to save himself—it had been agreed by both men that wrestling would not be permitted, and that when a clinch occurred, at the referee's command to break, they would each step back

In the New York Athletic Club

a step and continue boxing. McClellan was nearly all in at the commencement of the last round, and it seemed certain that Donovan could not lose; the clinch occurred. I ordered a break, and Mac dropped his hands and stepped back; Donovan, in the excitement that occurred at the time, forgot himself and cut loose a drive that sent McClellan to the floor. Mac's second, Malahan, claimed a foul that I allowed.

"I became better acquainted with Donovan later on, and I found it was actually a privilege to know a fighter that was not ashamed of his game. He was one that knew boxing from A to Z, in fact the best pugilist of his time—always ready and willing to try conclusions with any one; weight and reputation did not scare him; he was confident of himself. Yet, amid the dissipations that were common and frequent among men that fought and those that patronized the sport, he was always modest, temperate and well-behaved. A good citizen, a man of family, a credit to himself and his friends! I watched him closely for many years and I know what I am writing about."

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FROM R. H. HALSTED

"Having learned quite recently that the history of Professor Mike Donovan was to be written and

friends were contributing to the edition, I should like to offer my understanding of the man.

"As an instructor in the art of sparring he never had a superior or his equal. Not only did he possess unusual skill but his demeanor with all his pupils was most exceptional—always polite and considerate and making those he instructed self-reliant, and many the recognized expert amateurs of the country.

"The fact that he was employed by the New York Athletic Club as Professor of sparring for thirty years stands for a record of which any man should indeed be proud.

"Donovan, for at least fifty years, was active in the arena of sparring and met nearly all the professionals and amateurs of this country. I saw Donovan in many encounters and never saw him defeated. His eye, bone, muscle and agility one can never forget; and his geniality and bewitching smile made him more popular in his profession than any of his predecessors or his followers.

"Men like Sullivan, Corbett, Cleary, Coffey, McAuliffe, and others came to Donovan in order to learn all that was necessary in the fighting game; and the records of these men show that their time was not wasted.

"I recall a meeting place some years since in Exchange Place where some three of his most beloved and skilled pupils met two or more times a week for so-called instruction. These pupils ar-

ranged on every occasion to defeat Donovan, and would plan hours before the meeting how to do it. And yet I can vouch for the fact that Donovan was always the victor, his cleverness and condition making him ready for any emergency.

"Many times his favored pupils would wander from the straight path and meet a worthy antagonist; and a little the worse for their experience, would hurry to the Donovan studio of combativeness, find the Professor, return to the scene of disaster, when the Professor would make it very pleasant for those that were too aggressive, and so adjust all differences.

"Donovan's gentlemanly conduct and honest deportment won for him a host of friends, and in my opinion he was the only man that made the manly art of sparring a fit pastime for the young men of our great city."

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FROM C. E. KNOBLAUCH

"Fond recollections of the Kind Old Gentleman. (Alias, 'Mike.')

"Now that a 'Bay-Window' has replaced a once 'straight-front,' it is with fond recollections that I look back to the days when the grand old man helped many of us to get into condition, and make that otherwise burdensome duty a pleasure.

"I hardly believe that any of his old pupils re-

alize the enormous vitality this required—to school in the art of self-defense mere boys to stout men and weaklings to huskies. That was Mike's regular afternoon's work.

"The usual verdict was one of satisfaction. Quick as chain lightning and always even-tempered, Mike brought out in each one of his pupils what he wanted them to accomplish. In the many years I frequented the sparring room I can recollect only one occasion when Mike's even temper was ruffled.

"One afternoon a big six-footer looked into the sparring room on the third floor front (the old building on Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue), made a close survey of the situation and decided to try it on with the "kind old gentleman" who was giving lessons.

"After a round or two, his decision was announced in a very peremptory manner: that 'for school boys and weaklings the fiddling about he had been able to do with Mike (kind old gentleman) was not for strong fighting men of his ability.' He added a few deprecatory remarks which nettled the 'kind old gentleman.'

"Mike then suggested to him in a quiet tone that it had been his endeavor always to accommodate his pupils—would he oblige him by coming in the next afternoon at three o'clock? Later comers that afternoon noticed a gleam in the 'kind old gentleman's' eye.

"Punctually the next afternoon the six-footer

proudly entered the room. The 'kind old gentleman' asked him what manner of sparring suited him. His reply was: 'The limit will suit me; don't be afraid; just hit me as hard as you please—if you can.'

"Preliminaries over, they squared off, with a few silent witnesses standing in the corner by special invitation.

"The 'six-footer' put up his hands, when something hit him unexpectedly. Before he had a chance to think it over, he was lying on his back, feeling queer; he struggled to his feet, only to find himself stretched out again. To put it mildly, his eyes were of little use to him, nor was his nose and mouth in an immaculate condition.

"He had enough sense, however, to find his way to the door by crawling out. It was the last anybody ever saw of him. The 'kind old gentleman' (our old Mike) had given him just what he had needed—a lesson for a lifetime."

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FROM LAURENCE MCGUIRE

"As a young man it was my good fortune to meet Mike Donovan, known to the general public as 'Professor Donovan,' but to the members of the New York Athletic Club and more particularly his pupils as 'Mike.'

"As an instructor of boxing, it is not too much

to say that the world never produced his equal. His individual form, which he had the happy faculty of conveying to his pupils, was admittedly the last word in finished boxing. With all the instincts of the clever, game fighting man, he was always free from brutality, but nevertheless more than held his own with all that came into the boxing room of the New York Athletic Club, and this without regard to age, size or weight.

"To refer to Mike's ring-record and his ability as a trainer of fighting men, would be equivalent to rewriting the history of the 'Ring' in America for the past fifty years. As a man he was clean and honest, which perhaps are the most desirable qualities to be found in a man of his calling.

"When, a short time ago, the New York Athletic Club decided to retire Mike from active work and when they did him the honor of making him Instructor-Emeritus, it was not only with the unanimous approval of the Club membership but a great satisfaction to his pupils.

"There are comparatively few men whom one meets and of whom one grows sincerely fond. Mike was one such to every man who knew him well and was capable of appreciating sterling qualities.

"It must have been gratifying to Mike to feel that he had the good-will of all that knew him and also the regard and confidence of the public. Realizing how truly fond I was of Mike, I fear lest I should overstep the bounds of moderation in my

estimate of him. He had a legion of staunch friends and to them it may be difficult to be moderate in praise.

"I, for one, am indeed glad to say that Mike was not only my instructor; he was in many ways my adviser and above all my valued friend."

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FROM E. W. KEARNEY

"Nothing I could truthfully say about Mike in expatiation of his sterling qualities would be more than he deserved, for I share the opinion of many others in advocating him as the greatest Professor of boxing in the world. His qualities of ability, judgment and geniality compelled the respect and devotion of every one with whom he came in contact, professionally or casually.

"As a man, Mike Donovan exhaled good for every one he associated with, for, practicing what he preached, he was a grand example, to young and old men alike, of what living a cleanly life will do for a man who has brains and character.

"Abstaining from, I may say abhorring, both liquor and tobacco, he was never afraid to declare his principles in that direction, and I know he exerted great influence over many young men in causing them to do likewise. In short, he was a wonderful power for good, apart from his professional boxing capacity."

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FROM JAMES M. MOTLEY

"My acquaintance with our old friend, Mike Donovan, began in the year 1885, and from our first meeting we remained very warm friends. He was the 'real thing,' always, as a man and good citizen, beginning his activities in that respect, as you know, in the Civil War, in which he served with great credit to himself.

"As a sparring instructor, there was never his equal, in my opinion, and I have boxed with a great number of teachers. As a ring master, his record speaks for itself, having held both the middle and heavyweight championships. The Championship Belt is now to be seen in the Trophy Room in the clubhouse.

"I could cite many instances showing his sterling worth in all ways, but as no doubt many of his friends in the club and out have done so, it is unnecessary for me to 'boom his stock' to any fuller intext. He always led a cleanly, God-fearing life, and I never heard of any one belittling him or his character in any way."

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FROM GRAEME M. HAMMOND

"It gives me great pleasure to add my tribute to Mike Donovan, my friend and teacher for over thirty years. His life, indeed, contained a lesson that may well be studied by every young man.

"Beginning life with no advantages of birth or money, by his sheer force of character, his gentle, lovable and simple nature, his unflagging interest in his work and in his pupils, and his unfailing courtesy, he gained the respect and affection of all who worked with him and got to know him. His ability to impress his personality on all classes of men was remarkable.

"Whether scientist or professional man, financier or merchant, all loved Mike; liked him for his ability as a great teacher, and respected him as a man. No battles won in the ring compare for a moment with the far greater achievement of winning the best thing in the world: the love and respect of your fellow man. This Mike Donovan did."

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FROM W. O. INGLIS

"It gives me great pleasure to write my tribute to one of the noblest men I ever knew—Mike Donovan, and I am grateful for the opportunity. Such a man as Mike should be preserved in the record for the perpetual encouragement and stimulus of growing Americans. I should not know where to turn for a finer example of sincerity and undying kindness and courage to commend to my son. He is indeed what one writer called him: 'Mike Donovan, The Irish Samurai.'

"I suppose what happened at the meeting with Jack Dempsey in 1888 illustrates pretty well what kind of a man Mike was. Jack was not only the champion middleweight of the world but was called the 'Nonpareil,' and up to that time, had been unbeatable. Mike had retired unbeaten from the middleweight championship twelve years before. He had no thought of fighting until tattlers that gossiped at the Hoffman House made bad blood between the men, which culminated in Dempsey's boast that he could beat Mike any time.

"The moment Mike heard of this he sent articles of agreement to Dempsey, which Jack signed, promising to box six rounds with Mike, receiving $100 if he knocked Mike out but nothing if he failed. Mike promptly chose a hall in Williamsburg. 'That'll make it handy for Jack's neighbors to come to the show,' he said.

"Dempsey trained a month at Far Rockaway. Mike 'trained' during the two weeks' leave of absence the Board of Governors gave him, by leading his little children by the hand through Central Park. He told me that all he really needed was a let-up from boxing, because his pupils in the Club had given him plenty of fighting practice.

"Eddy Rauscher used to rub his left shoulder every day, for Mike had badly strained it blocking a swing from James Motley, who was one of the heaviest-hitting lightweights of that time.

"As a devoted pupil of Mike and admirer of

Dempsey, I was at the ring-side, praying that Mike would not be knocked out and lose his job. Imagine my surprise when he went at Jack like a bullet, making the pace and making it so hot that he eclipsed the champion. This happened for three rounds and I feared that the fast pace would tire Mike.

"Instead of tiring he fought faster than ever in the last three rounds. I shall never forget my amazement when I saw Mike drive the 'Nonpareil' from mid-ring to his corner, and then along three sides of the ring, with Jack ducking, smothering and running away from the veteran's furious attack.

"The referee called the match a draw. James Kennedy of *The Times,* who had refused to be referee, told me next day he was glad he was out of it, because if he had acted, he must have given Mike the decision as mere justice, and he'd hate to see his friend Jack lose his reputation.

"Not once since that day have I heard Mike complain of being robbed of his credit. 'Every one who saw the bout knows I beat him a mile,' said Mike, 'and it would be no benefit to me to hurt Jack.'

"So there you have Mike Donovan: bold, resolute, dauntless, keeping his promise of battle, even when his arm was half crippled; a master of the 'Nonpareil' in the ring, yet big-hearted enough not to clamor for the glory that was rightfully his because he would not hurt another.

"God might have made a finer man than Mike, but He never did."

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FROM RAMON GUITERAS

"Mike Donovan belonged to a group of men, few in number, who were good boxers, good fighters and good teachers; in other words, he was an observer who absorbed the knowledge that was necessary to place him on the high standard that he held, as the best Professor of boxing that this country has ever had.

"He belonged to a school of men who were champions of their class; men who had good foot-work, good hitting power, good defense and good generalship. In that school we have had such men as John L. Sullivan, Jem Mace, Joe Coburn, Tom Hyer, Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Billie Edwards, Barney Aaron, Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, Joe Gans, George Dixon, James Corbett, Jake Kilrain, Kid Griffo, Mike Gibbons, Packey MacFarland, Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford and others.

"He was a middle-weight champion, and as such, at 158 pounds, 5 feet 8 inches high, was able to fight any one. He could fight any one, because he knew how to hit and how to get away. With his wonderful judge of distance, he could judge to a nicety just when to strike in order to land on the point aimed at with the greatest amount of force. He could make a bigger man whip himself with the

exertion that he made in trying to land on him. He could box with any light-weight with the same ease and effectiveness with which he could a middleweight. Naturally, he did not do so frequently, however, as he was a middleweight, but set-tos between him and Billie Edwards were certainly wonderful exhibitions of boxing.

"When a middleweight champion, and having passed perhaps the ring age, he boxed with Jack Dempsey, then in his prime, clearly having the better of the set-to and giving an exhibition of the master hand of his weight in boxing which will never be forgotten by those that were present.

"In teaching boxing he took much pains in the foot action of his pupils and the way they stood, the distance of one foot from the other, the way that they started their punches and landed them. He was always particular how they held their hands and how they parried.

"Champions have different ways of holding their hands. One will have a low guard and another a high guard and yet they are equally effective; but Donovan always preferred rather a high guard. He did not believe in a man holding his left hand low and swinging it as men often do. He held his left hand about on a level with his shoulder so that he could parry easily.

"When I went to him in the early eighties for a few lessons, he said: 'You hold your left hand too low; stand up straight and hold you guard up more.'

I thought I could do as well holding my guard low, but he convinced me that I was wrong, although I could hit just as hard holding my left hand low. He further said: 'Your right hand is as good as any one's and you can hit as good an uppercut as anybody. Practice a little more straight hitting with your left hand and you can go back and lick anybody in Boston.' I took his advice, and went back and tackled every amateur or professional that I could get a crack at. He seemed at that time to have a desire to get square with a certain heavy-weight pugilist who was teaching boxing and he said; 'Go up and take a fall out of him; you can lick him if you hit him as hard as you do me. You are big enough to lick anybody. It will be good practice for you.'

"About twenty years afterwards, when I had not boxed during that time, I had an attack of rheumatism in the shoulder. I went to the gymnasium of the Athletic Club to box and loosen my right shoulder-joint, which was stiff. I thought I would see if Donovan would notice it if I placed myself in the same position as when I first went to him. I held my left hand low in feinting and he said: 'There you are, just the same as when you first came to me twenty years ago; you see you have forgotten all about what I told you.' I answered: 'Not at all; I wanted to see if you had forgotten it.' And I put my hand up again in the position he had taught me.

"He never forgot the natural peculiarities of men who had boxed with him—just how they hit, just how they defended themselves, what the strongest punch was and whether they had good footwork and a good judge of distance or not.

"The only teacher that I remember who took a similar amount of pride in bringing out his pupils, was Ned Donnelly of London, who was the best teacher of his time in that country.

"In closing, I wish to say that he was not a boxer alone, but Mike could fight as well as he could box, and he could teach as well as he could fight and box. He was always kind and considerate of his pupils, and therefore always had their highest esteem and regard."

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FROM WILLIAM MULDOON

"It is a great privilege, a rare privilege, and one that but few are blessed with, to live three-score years or more; the privilege of journeying along through life with those that have seen and know all about important events of half a century ago; that understand you and you understand them, that have known all about things that you know about. It is indeed a blessing.

"I first made the acquaintance of Mike Donovan just after the War of the Rebellion, and we were well acquainted, and ofttimes closely associated

from that day to this. We were not always friends, or, I might better say, friendly, for we both had opinions and a will, and we were both Irishmen. But our misunderstandings or brief quarrels evidently never destroyed our respect for each other; and when the strife of our lives was over, we were the best of friends.

"Early in our lives there was a great prejudice in the minds of the people against athletics of all kinds. Boys and youths that had been blessed with exceptionally good bodies, naturally athletic, and whose tastes ran to the development of that body, and to the enjoyment and excitement the youth gets from indulging in athletic contests of various kinds, became conspicuous. This led to fame and reputation. The boy is flattered, privileged, entertained, and courted; all of which goes to developing pride, self-esteem, and many other things that make it most difficult for a youth in his unguarded moments to resist temptations and privileges that are not only offered to him, but thrust upon him.

"Very few are able to escape the very thing, and the many things, that caused the thinking people and the good people of those days to object and oppose, to the utmost extreme, their boys indulging in athletics; particularly so, where they were likely to lead on to the professional athlete. I have seen many, very many, grand specimens of youth, full manhood, become wrecks for the simple reason that they could not stand the fame and prosperity

that came rushing upon them before they had reached the age of understanding.

"Young Donovan was an exception, inasmuch as he had escaped the two most dangerous obstacles in the way of a clean future. First and foremost of all —in contact with bad women; and next, the danger of rum. How many splendid prospects have been ruined by those two dangerous pit-holes! Donovan was fortunate in having a keen sense of his religious duties, and having fallen in love with a good girl. No temptation could win him away, and, when he married that good girl, he was safe.

"Rum, pleasure, excitement, lust for money and fame never won him away. He took part in all the interesting events of the day, but way down in his heart was that keen sense of respectability and honor to his wife and his family. That is what saved Mike Donovan from the fate that had overcome so many of our acquaintances in the sixties and early seventies.

"He always had an advantage in his profession, for his head was clear and his judgment good—for the simple reason that he was never dissipated. The hardships to be endured in his profession in those days might well be called hardships and punishment. In comparison with that time, the present day professional boxer has but little discomfort and nothing that might be called punishment or hardships. They were poorly paid in those days. Their fighting was done with bare fists; wrestling was

allowed, and there was no limit as to the length of the contest. Either one or the other had to be defeated.

"I have often helped to shovel the snow away, and act as one of the posts, when they could not drive one into the ground; we would stand about and hold the rope to make the ring. The men were stripped to the waist, and the falls that they used to get on that frozen ground would take all of the courage and desire to fight out of the modern boxer. But Donovan never failed to make good, no matter what the odds against him were, or the difficulties to overcome. He was the cleverest boxer in his class, and that was a great help to him in his fights.

"We were opposed to each other in the ring, at the last prize ring championship fight that ever took place, or that ever will take place—not as principals, but as seconds to the principals. Donovan was the second for J. Kilrain, and I was the second for J. L. Sullivan. The stakes were $10,000 a side, and the championship of the world.

"I had spent many months of hard work training Sullivan, and had to endure many unpleasant disagreements and overcome many obstacles, to get Sullivan in the ring in a condition that would win for him the prize at stake. Ninety per cent. of the English-speaking people of the world had their attention upon that affair, and I had every reason to believe the majority of people were looking forward to my ability to make Sullivan a sure winner. There

was, perhaps, more money bet on that fight than any other championship contest that ever took place before, and hundreds of my friends had notified me by wire or by letter that they were betting heavily on Sullivan, and giving odds that were almost unreasonable. All this had worked me up to such a condition that I was ready to make any sacrifice to get justice for my man. That was all I wanted. I knew he could win if he got a fair chance.

"The articles of agreement called for the toss-up of a coin, ten days before the fight, to decide which one of the principals should have the privilege of choosing the fighting ground. Kilrain won the choice. His managers carried us into a State where there was a law against prize fighting—Mississippi. We were a little distance from the State line. In Louisiana there was no law against prize fighting, and that was where we wanted to hold the fight. When I say 'we,' I mean the Sullivan party. But the Kilrain side had won the privilege, and they took advantage of it; and insisted upon Mississippi, which made us outlaws.

"That added more to my responsibilities and made me all the more determined; and when I encountered Donovan in the ring, ready to claim every possible advantage, fair or unfair, for his man, our friendship was thrown to the dogs. The day was terribly hot, the eighth of July. The ring had amphitheater seats all around it, running twelve feet high, which shut out every possibility of a

breeze. The sun was beating down on us unmercifully. The thermometer, hung on one of the corner posts of the ring, by a newspaper reporter, registered 102 degrees. The fight is a matter of history.

"But, beyond a doubt, Mike Donovan saved Kilrain's life. He had had one experience of a man being killed in the ring; had suffered the prosecution by the legal authorities; and paid the penalty that the law demanded; and, though the Sullivan-Kilrain fight was many years afterward, Donovan could not erase from his mind the experience of former years. Kilrain, in the severe fighting and the terrific heat, was growing very weak, and, in his weakened condition, one good blow delivered over the heart would be likely to stop the whole machinery of life in his body. Donovan saw the danger, and threw up the sponge, which ended the contest, and left Sullivan the undefeated Champion of the World.

"We were prosecuted most vigorously by the State authorities; Sullivan and myself were made the targets. It cost us many thousands of dollars, though we were not to blame; and the Kilrain side, that had selected the place, and were to blame, got off very lightly. But I was disposed to forgive Donovan, not only for our old acquaintance, but for the fact that he was the one man of that five or six thousand, in and around that ring, who had the caution and foresight to stop the affair before it had gone too far.

"I mention this incident because it is proof that Donovan had in his soul something a little better than most men that have followed the profession of pugilism.

"His private and domestic life set an example that all men, in any walk of life, would be benefited by following."

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FROM ALPHEUS GEER

"It would be a difficult matter for me to tell just what Mike Donovan stands for to me. I have known him so long and intimately that I look upon him from many points of view. As boxing instructor I could imagine none better. Of all the men I have ever boxed with he struck me as being the one who had every blow in his repertoire that was known to fistiana. And when he wanted to he could hit them very hard.

"His marvelous enthusiasm and active brain gave him a power as a teacher which few, if any master, of the art of self-defense ever possessed. He inspired his pupils with a love for the science of the game that kept them ever interested.

"Mike was my good friend, and, as he was to all his friends, he was one of the treasured incentives of my life. I have learned much from Mike of the philosophy of living, which I value highly.

"Simple, candid, courageous and kind, Mike has

ever proved a loyal friend to those he once accepted as his intimates. Many anecdotes come to my mind with regard to the good old fellow, but only one will I tell and it will reveal his innermost soul. This incident will best of all illustrate the type of man and the secret of his remarkable life. It will show forth Mike in all his attractive simplicity and genuine faith and trustfulness; looking to the One Source of all strength he ever received his answer.

"He and I were campaigning for Colonel Roosevelt. We were to speak before a crowd of some three thousand people, he posing as the instructor of the former President, and I as one of his expert pupils. As we entered the hall the audience gave us a rousing reception. It certainly was an audience of sufficient magnitude to make the most experienced orator somewhat perturbed.

"Mike leaned over to me and whispered that he was afraid. This was the second time he had ever spoken in public, so no wonder that crowd got on his nerve.

" 'Mike,' I replied, 'there is really nothing for us to fear. We are here to do the Colonel all the good we can, and that means we are working in harmony with the Creator of all good, which is God, and so we have nothing to be afraid of.'

" 'Yes, Allie, I know. I am praying, and I will pray some more,' responded Mike. The words hardly convey the sincerity and simple trust evi-

denced in his tone of speech. It was most refreshing to me and left a lasting impression.

"When it came his turn to step to the front of the platform and face that assemblage he did it without a tremor and he made the speech of the evening. A few nights after that meeting he was called upon to address an audience of his neighbors in the upper part of the city. He spoke for over one hour and a half. A man told me who had heard the speech that it was one of the most interesting campaign speeches he had ever listened to. The hall was packed to the doors and the Professor held them all spell-bound.

"Mike was the soul of chivalry. Women of culture and refinement were his ardent admirers. He was as much at home in the drawing-room or at the table as any man of social distinction. He could talk with any type of human being with equal ease and freedom from self-consciousness. He was always the same in his pleasing naturalness. Mike Donovan was a man."

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FROM REX BEACH

"It is a great pleasure to avail myself of this opportunity of recording my opinion of Mike Donovan, and I hope my delay in doing so—a delay occasioned by my absence abroad—will not prevent me from getting that opinion into print.

"Notwithstanding the fact that one of Mike's sons pinched me for speeding and caused me to spend an apprehensive and expensive half hour in court, my opinion of his father has always remained the same—A-1. Nor did Mike's opinion of me, a convicted criminal, ever appear to lessen.

"Mike Donovan was an ideal physical director, for he was not only expert in his line, agreeable and obliging, but he showed in himself the admirable results of clean living and vigorous, systematic exercise. It is too bad there are not more Mike Donovans."

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FROM J. N. KIRK, JR.

"When 'Mike' ceased his earthly toils, he left behind many freindships such as few could claim. Women, children, pugilists, merchants, lawyers, financiers and even statesmen all had the same high regard for him. At all times he was endeavoring to aid a friend or lend assistance to those in need.

"All that knew him felt his loss keenly, for 'Mike' was a wonderful character. He had a charm of personality, coupled with sincerity and fearlessness, that won all those that he met. He was rich, for he abounded in qualities; he had friends who were his real friends, and, above all, he made life a success. The main reasons for his success, from which the others evolved, were enthusiasm, honesty and fearlessness. You could know him but a short time

when these points in his character would become strongly visible.

"As I write these lines many pleasant thoughts of him pass through my mind, but I can recall him most vividly in the boxing room of the New York Athletic Club which his son Arthur, in a recent letter to me, referred to as 'his second home.' I can see him now illustrating to some one a blow and I can almost hear him say *'so'* as he completed the demonstration of the punch. How that little word would mean volumes in the way he used it!

"The old shop-worn saying was true of 'Mike,' that 'A man is as old as he feels,' and I doubt if many of those who have youth could have worked as hard as he did to 'Do their bit.' For it was serving his country that brought on the illness which took him away from us. How he looked forward to the day when he would be in France in the midst of the great conflict! This was, I believe, the greatest ambition of his successful career.

"My memory recalls pleasant thoughts of him which would take many pages to relate. We know when 'Mike' ended his journey in this world, having passed seventy years, he was still a youth, with a character that was composed of all the strong, clean ideals and thoughts that go to make up a real man. If the world had more men in it such as 'Mike' Donovan was it would be a far better world."

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FROM REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT

"In these war times as I think of Professor Donovan I am somehow impressed first with him as a man of honor. Although he came up from trades which threw him with very rough and ready young fellows (I believe he told me he was a caulker in the Brooklyn Navy Yard); although he was a bare-knuckle fighter, even in his ring work and fighting days he subscribed to rules of decency and fair play, the absence of which on some sides of modern warfare are the despair of athletes and sportsmen as well as of honest folks generally.

"What would the old pugilists, who abhorred hitting below the belt, have said of submarine warfare, which is nothing else? The ring becomes a place of almost Homeric nobility in comparison with what the world has been taught by the leading military nation.

"Professor Donovan's sense of honor was not only shown in the ring. Later, when, following the habit of successful boxers, he kept a saloon, he could not long endure the sight or thought of the place, but practically gave the establishment away, although it was profitable. Even in recent years I know that he refused a large sum—I think it was eight or ten thousand dollars a year—to be a manager of a saloon that was to be opened near the New York Athletic Club.

His strictness in the observances of the Catholic

Church; his ambitions and ideals for his children; the help that he gave to men of his profession who were down—notably to John L. Sullivan, who largely through Professor Donovan's personal efforts was put on his feet after he had lost the championship and almost everything else—impressed me. His delight in honoring the memory of the men who had gone before him in his profession greatly pleased me. When he visited San Francisco, when he visited Troy, he made a point of going to the graves of men whose names were associated with great ring battles and arranged to have their neglected graves put in order and cared for.

"Professor Donovan had a mind as clean as his skin and a nature as upright as his backbone. Only a man of essentially gentle nature could for years have taught all sorts and conditions of men the art of boxing without having shown a mean streak in punishing the various forms of presumption and ignorance that show themselves in such a long list of pupils."

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FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL M'COSKRY BUTT

"My first experience with Mike Donovan was when I was a member of the New York Stock Exchange and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment. It was at a time when gentle exercise was suggested for my health, and boxing with Mike Donovan was selected as the means for regaining

my health. I was forthwith brought to his notice. He was genial and innocent looking, but with a gleam in his eye that meant business.

"He began my instruction by putting his head where it was within easy reach apparently. I nearly blew myself up trying to hit that head, but it had nimbly shifted when my blow landed. It was exasperating, but finally I got to be an animated boxing automaton, and found that he was generous and my blows were returned with an interest that rapidly quickened my desire for improvement and learning. Then we became fast friends, literally and frequently very fast friends, to the amusement of the onlookers. I was making progress. Mike made me feel it.

"Donovan was the prince of professors. Nobody could approach his skill in developing all that was in his pupils, and yet causing them to feel they must never use their instruction except for preparedness for self-defense. The affection all his old pupils hold for him show that he really instilled in their hearts as well as their bodies the gentle and manly art of self-defense."

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FROM JEREMIAH T. MAHONEY

"Some time ago I received your letter referring to Mike Donovan. I dictated part of my reply thereto, but for some reason or other neglected to

finish the letter. I feel very happy that you should ask me to express my opinion of Mike, both as a man and as a teacher of boxing.

"In my opinion, he is one of the most unique characters that has as yet arisen in the boxing world. It is a most extraordinary thing that a man of Mike's gentle disposition could be such a great fighter. I have always felt that no man in the world was ever a greater credit to the support of boxing than Mike. As we all know, he led the most exemplary life, even under the most adverse conditions. He reared his large family just as a Christian should. He has a record of never having done a mean or contemptible thing. As an instructor of boxing, he brought into play intelligence of the highest possible order. A half hour spent with Mike in the boxing room was the best possible medicine to a tired business man. A few minutes' conversation with Mike always made one feel better. His extreme optimism was always most cheering, and for many years he undoubtedly has been the New York Athletic Club's greatest asset. Any decent, self-respecting citizen could not fail to admire and love Mike, and, although he has retired as an active instructor of boxing, I hope and pray that in his newly created position of Emeritus Professor of boxing he will be with us for many years to come."

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FROM STUYVESANT WAINWRIGHT

"I do not know when I have heard more painful news than of the death of my old friend, Mike Donovan, nor how impossible it will be to fill the void he has left with so many of his old pupils; to my mind he was in a class all by himself, so brave and manly, and yet so tender and sympathetic for the troubles of others; and I know his example must have been an inspiration to many a man. I know also that he was a devoted family man and very sincere in his religious faith. In fact, I feel that I am much richer for having known him."

NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1916.

A letter of appreciation of Mike Donovan? Why, it would be impossible to write any other kind of a letter about "Our Mike." For many, many years Mike Donovan has been, to me, a symbol of eternal Youth. Ole Ponce de Leon never would have started on his search for the Fountain if he'd met Mike.

Of course everybody knows about Mike's championship days, away back in the middle of a century that has gone by, leaving only Mike Donovan, still young, to remind us of all the half-forgotten great ones. Everybody knows about Mike's "comeback," a long time ago, when he met and outfought Champion Jack Dempsey. They called Mike Donovan a back-number before he boxed the Nonpareil, but they didn't know what they were talking about.

Mike never has been and never will be a back-number.

I remember well one incident that happened ten or fifteen years ago—a mere detail in Mike's career, and perhaps one that he has forgotten. There was a youthful middleweight boxer in the N. Y. A. C. who went to England and boxed in an amateur tournament at the National Sporting Club. He came back with an idea that he was a real fighter. He felt that fame in the ring was his, if only he cared to stretch out his hand and take it. Perhaps he wasn't to be blamed, being very youthful. He knows better now.

One evening, feeling particularly cockey, this young amateur stripped for action and went into the boxing room. Something was stirring in his noodle. He had a vague idea that he wasn't attracting quite enough attention. He wanted to shine—to bask in the limelight. He wanted to do something sensational. So he whispered it around that he was going to "trim the old man and make him pull off the gloves." And somebody passed that interesting bit of information along to Mike.

I forget just what Mike's age was then. Probably he was a mere youth of 65 or so, and to be referred to lightly as "the old man" annoyed him. Also the man who had trimmed Dempsey didn't think any fresh young amateur should be allowed to contemplate "trimming" him. Mike put on the

gloves and walking over to the smiling amateur asked:

"You're in pretty good shape, aren't you?"

"Why—yes," said the amateur.

"Then," said Mike, "I'll try you out a little. No rests. Just fight me as hard as you can and we'll see how you stand up."

Smiling softly behind his glove and tipping an anticipatory wink to his friends, the amateur squared off.

They say the men who fought Young Griffo in his prime always thought the air was full of boxing gloves. Young Griffo had nothing on Mike that evening. The husky amateur snorted and charged and flailed away wildly. The more he missed the harder he tried. He was in deadly earnest. Hadn't he said he was going to "trim the old man"?

Soon the amateur was puffing. Mike Donovan, smiling grimly, took the aggressive. Crack-crack-crack! Mike's left was pumping 'em in. Crack-bang-left and right! Chug—a left into the wind! Crack! A left on the chin! And BANG! over went Mike's right!

It was the dazed and disgruntled amateur who "pulled off the gloves." If I remember right he had the good grace to apologize to Mike, and Mike slapped him on the back and told him he was a nice boy, but he shouldn't go out of his class. So far as I know he never did—after that. At any rate,

he never bothered Mike again. If he ever stirred up any more trouble it was with some soft mark, like Jess Willard.

He's some man—Our Mike!

CHAPTER XVI

MIKE DONOVAN'S BENEFIT

In the spring of 1914 a meeting of the members of the club was held in the gymnasium. Old pupils of Mike had come from far and near to be present at that meeting. One of them, Mr. George A. Sykes, came from Boston on the one o'clock afternoon train and returned that evening on the midnight for the sole purpose of being on hand to assist in voting down any opposition that might arise to the resolution that was recommended by the Board of Governors to make Mike instructor emeritus of boxing with a salary of one hundred dollars a month for the remainder of his days—a sufficient stipend "to keep the wolf from the door," as Mike expressed it.

Was there any opposition? Not a peep. The resolution was passed by acclaim amid great enthusiasm.

When Mike made his appearance on the platform the applause was loud and long. He was much overcome with the heartiness of the occasion, and it was with difficulty he could command himself to voice the thoughts that came from his heart.

He accepted the resolutions presented by Presi-

dent Page, and after a fitting tribute by our eloquent president, Mike in his own sincere and simple way responded as well as he could under the stress of the moment.

The resolutions were handsomely executed and framed. They were worthy of the noted event and expressed the sentiments of all those present.

There Mike stood, a most attractive sight—erect, modest and pleasing—a picture standing for all that was clean and manly.

His old pupils, manlike, were laughing carelessly as if blubbering were furthest from their thoughts. But many an eye was moist. It was an affecting sight to us who had known dear old Mike for these many years and who had received so frequently the none too gentle but always kindly intentioned wallops from his scientific fists.

The veteran stood calmly awaiting an opportunity to express his gratitude. He remarked to me after the meeting that if Evert Wendell hadn't suddenly raised his hand and caught his eye, nodding his head with enthusiasm, he would have broken down and cried.

He certainly would have broken up the meeting if he had, for there were more than a few that would have followed his leadership.

In his speech of thanks Mike expressed only one regret. He knew the time had come for his letting go. That was according to the law of nature, but his great regret was the thought that his dearly be-

loved wife had not lived to see the day when he was freed from worriment of the future. The partner of his trials and anxieties and yet of many joys had recently gone before and Mike spoke to us of her who was the incentive of his life and his beloved one. If she only could have known! Maybe she did know. Maybe she was then with him, sharing his great happiness. This he told us there in all his sweet simplicity of manner and speech. How could we help but feeling teary? Could you blame us?

It was proposed by Vice-President Montgomery and seconded by Alpheus Geer that a suitable testimonial of our regard be tendered Professor Donovan in the fall. It was agreed to uproariously.

In October, 1914, the President of the New York Athletic Club, William H. Page, called a meeting of the committee appointed by him to consider a suitable method of honoring our instructor of boxing, Mike Donovan. It was decided at this meeting to hold a boxing show in the clubhouse some Saturday night in November.

The general committee was comprised of many of Mike's former pupils, among them being Hugh H. Baxter, Rex E. Beach, August Belmont, W. Gould Brokaw, Harry E. Buermeyer, General McCoskrey Butt, A. V. de Giocouria, J. Coleman Drayton, Robert W. Edgren, Harrison Gray Fiske, Simeon Ford, Hon. H. A. Gildersleeve, Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, Charles E. Knoblauch, Judge Jeremiah

Mahoney, James M. Motley, Wm. C. Muschenheim, William H. Page, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas F. Ryan, Sydney J. Simth, Hon. Rhinelander Waldo, Hon. Bartow S. Weeks, Evert Jansen Wendell, Dr. Ramon Guiteras, and many others. All good friends and true of the best instructor any athletic club has ever had.

An executive committee was appointed by the President, which was to arrange the details of the benefit. The members of this committee were: Messrs. C. Otto Touissant, Alpheus Geer, M. P. Halpin, Charles E. Knoblauch, Laurence M. D. McGuire, J. T. Mahoney, H. G. Silleck, Jr., Fred. R. Fortmeyer.

Judge Gildersleeve, in making the motion to hold this testimonial to Mike, related this incident: When Mike was arrested in Mississippi for being a second to Kilrain in his fight with John L. Sullivan at Richburg, Judge Gildersleeve sent letters to the judge who was to try Mike and also to the District Attorney, vouching for Mike's good character and recommending him to the mercy of the court.

At noon that day Mike was invited to luncheon with the Judge and District Attorney.

Judge Gildersleeve, in concluding his remarks, said:

"I am heartily in favor of extending this testimonial benefit to Mike Donovan. He stands for all that is clean and manly in sport. Nothing is too good for Mike."

When a few of us met Mike in the boxing room after the meeting he told us that the Judge and District Attorney, to whom Judge Gildersleeve had written, treated him most kindly. At the luncheon they were much interested in hearing of Judge Gildersleeve. They knew of him as one of the finest rifle shots in America, and were glad to know of his being such a good athlete and high type of man.

Sullivan saw Mike at the table with the Judge and District Attorney. He could hardly believe his eyes, he was so astonished.

"My," said John L., when he met Mike afterwards, "but you are in soft! How did you work it?"

"Nothing like having the right kind of friends," said Mike. Sullivan was fined one thousand dollars and Mike was fined one hundred. A purse had been made up for Mike by his friends on the New York Stock Exchange. They learned of his arrest, and, thinking he would have to pay a fine or go to jail, they sent the money to him in time to save him from prison.

The movement for Mike's benefit found expression in the following announcement:

"The New York Athletic Club, of the City of New York. At a meeting of the Board of Governors, held on the thirteenth day of October, 1914, a resolution was unanimously adopted, as follows:

" 'RESOLVED, on behalf of ourselves and the members of the club at large, that we do hereby express

our profound appreciation of the record made by Professor Michael J. Donovan upon the completion of a term of twenty-five years and upwards of devotion to its interest. And that in commemoration of the benefit to be tendered him at the city clubhouse on the fourteenth day of November, 1914, we present him with an engrossed copy of this expression of our thoughts as a testimonial of the high esteem in which we hold him.

" 'In youth a brave soldier, serving under colors of his country; in the prime of manhood a courageous and most skillful boxer; in the activities of the club an instructor of extraordinary ability, and at all times a citizen of sterling worth and integrity, known to-day in athletic circles throughout the United States of America.'

"And that the club, through us, hereby extends to its instructor-emeritus cordial greetings and best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous career.

"W. H. PAGE,
"President.

"FRED. FORTMEYER,
"Secretary."

* * * * * * *

On Saturday evening, November 14, 1914, the members of the New York Athletic Club gave a testimonial to Professor Mike Donovan in the form of a boxing entertainment.

Never in the history of the ring was there such an evening. Never before for merely exhibition

purposes did men of national and international reputation box with such vehemence and utter abandon worthy of a championship contest. Gunboat Smith, Battling Levinsky, Tommy Ryan, Harry Stone, Kid Lewis, Eddie Morgan, Young Otto, Young Twining, Jim Coffey, Al Kubiack, all of them exchanged wallops with their opponents that if some of the blows had landed their exhibition bout would have been all over.

The whole spirit of the evening was one of enthusiasm and determination to make the event of dear old Mike's passing into private life a memorable occasion—to make it an event that the dear old fellow would be proud to look back upon and ever recall with joy.

The services of all the boxers were given most willingly. They were given because they well knew that in the past never had there been a call upon Mike Donovan that he did not respond. They knew he had been a loyal friend and a credit to the boxing game. Many a time Mike had spent his own money in traveling to distant cities to volunteer his services in some exhibition for the benefit of some needy boxer. Mike, all his life, has been generous and warm hearted, and now in his declining years he is reaping that which he sowed.

It's a law of humanity: "That which you give you get."

All worked for Mike that night with light hearts and willing hands. From the president of the club,

Mr. W. H. Page, to the humblest employee each one did his part most efficiently and willingly.

The special committee that had the affair in charge was comprised of Robert W. Thompson, Honorary Chairman; C. Otto Toussaint, Chairman; Charles E. Knoblauch, Alpheus Geer, M. P. Halpin, J. T. Mahoney, L. M. D. McGuire, Fred. R. Fortmeyer, Secretary. It was a credit to them and the event was worthy of them.

For an exhibition of scientific hitting the bout between Mike Gibbons and his brother Tom was extraordinary. No man that ever stepped in the ring knew more of the game than Mike Gibbons. For science and hitting ability he is one of the most finished performers of this and any time. He loves his brother Tom and refrained from topping him too much. He would rather be knocked down by Tom than knock out any other man. Mike is a marvel. Strong, clean of limb and life; a man devoted to his wife and kiddies; a non-drinker, and of gentle instincts. But, my, how he can fight! The world has seen few to equal him.

The name Mike must have a wondrous charm, for Mike Donovan and Mike Gibbons are two of the most unusual men that the ring has ever known. Both of them simple and sincere, wonders with the fists, and clean men.

William Muldoon was Master of Ceremonies. It was an interesting sight to see the gray-haired old veteran, still erect and strong under the burden of

many years, conducting his part of the program with grace and efficiency. He opened the evening's entertainment with a neat little speech in compliment to our good old Mike. It was dignified, sincere and eloquent.

The referee of each exhibition bout was an old pupil or friend of the Professor. Edward Kearney, Ramon Guiteras, Harry Talmadge, Harry Buermeyer, William Seich, Robert E. Dowling, Alfred J. Lille, Laurence McGuire, Alpheus Geer all refereed one bout each.

W. H. Page, president of the club and a former champion boxer at Harvard, also an old pupil of Mike, refereed the bout between the Professor and his son Arthur, known as "Young Mike" Donovan.

Mr. Page accepted this honor at the last moment, as Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was unable to attend the entertainment. The Colonel sent Mike this telegram:

"Prof. Mike Donovan,
"Care New York Athletic Club,
"New York City.

"Exceedingly sorry am unable to be present to referee the bout between you and your son. If I could do such a thing for any human being now it would be for you, for you are one of the best American citizens I know. Good luck be with you.

"Theodore Roosevelt."

We all regretted we hadn't the pleasure of the Colonel's company. The Mayor of New York, John Purroy Mitchel, and a number of clergymen and priests were present as spectators.

William Muldoon, known all over the world as Billy Muldoon, the champion wrestler, acted as the master of ceremonies. He was an old friend of Mike's, and a few years older. He filled the position with grace and dignity. Owing to his careful regard for health, Billy Muldoon is a remarkable man. His introductory remarks were very fitting and acceptable to the crowd of Mike's friends. To those of us who had known both men in their prime it was really a pathetic scene.

In answer to a letter from Mike, thanking him for all his trouble, he sent the following reply:

"DEAR FRIEND MIKE:

"I assure you that the little I was able to do for you afforded me as much pleasure as anything I ever did. I was most anxious that everything should pass off satisfactorily and creditably to the club and its committee, for it was indeed an exceptional type of gratitude on their part for your loyal services. I think everything was satisfactory as far as I was able to see and hear, there being no hitch or delay and no disappointment.

"I realize how you felt while on that stage. It was a very trying experience, and that you were

able to speak at all was surprising to me, for I know that your heart was filled and bursting with emotion, and that you were making a desperate struggle to control yourself. I sent McGuire to the timekeeper, telling him to ring the bell in the third round, for I knew your danger in making any effort to box while your heart was in that condition. A doctor sitting near me approved of my action, for he too realized that it was no time for you to attempt physical exertion.

"Now, old friend, a word of advice: Keep occupied at something; no hard physical work, but something to keep your mind occupied, and do a little friendly boxing once or twice a week before your bath at the club. It is always dangerous for a man that has lived as active a life as you have to find himself with nothing to do.

"With sincere best wishes,

"Your friend,

"WILLIAM MULDOON."

* * * * * * *

Mike and his son Arthur then had three rounds. To see the veteran prancing around the ring as lively as in his palmiest days was a revelation, and one felt that the Professor was equal to many years of active life. His position as Instructor Emeritus which the Board of Governors has graciously conferred upon him gives him the privilege of boxing

with the pupils and interesting himself in the sparring room at any time he so desires.

Father and son gave a very fine exhibition of the art of self-defense, and when at the end of three lively rounds Arthur, who is known in the ring as "Young Mike" Donovan, threw his arms around his father's neck and kissed him, it made a fitting climax to one of the most extraordinary evenings with which the game of boxing had ever been associated.

Mr. Sam Crane, one of the New York sporting writers, said in his paper: "Mike Donovan retires with such honors as seldom are accorded to any one man, and with those he will receive from the New York Athletic Club a pension of one hundred dollars a month for life, besides the fine return from the testimonial. He deserves them all, but it is doubtful whether he appreciates them any more than the loving hug and caress that he received from his son after their bout which afforded such a fitting finish to the affair." "Young Mike" is a chip of the old block. He has given a good account of himself in the ring, and time will surely bring him the highest honors.

To Jimmy Johnston, Manager of the Madison Square Garden Athletic Club, can be given credit for the appearance of many of the boxers. He worked hard and enthusiastically to contribute to the success of the night.

Professor Dan Hickey, who succeeds Mike Don-

ovan as instructor in the boxing room of the club, sparred a bout with the last pupil Professor Donovan brought out, Mr. Richmond Levering. The bout was a hard-hitting affair, but scientific and interesting to watch.

Assistant Instructor Joe Murray gave an exhibition of teaching and light sparring with his pupil, Mr. Raymond J. Rice, Jr., a member of the club. It was well done and enjoyed by the spectators. Mr. George Schwegler, a member of the club and former pupil of Mike's, was the referee for the boxing contests, those bouts that were contested for points.

Jack Clark and Jim Smith had a rattling go for six rounds. Eddie Nugent and Charles Murphy went at a lively pace for four rounds. Nugent had his man well in hand before the end of the contest and was an easy winner. He looks like a comer.

The gymnasium was packed, although the lowest-priced seat was five dollars, and the crowd was most representative. Among those present were: Mayor Mitchell, Thomas F. Ryan, Judge Weeks, Evert Jansen Wendell, Walter Watson, Richard H. Halstead, A. V. de Goicouria, A. G. Mills, General Thomas L. Watson, Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, George E. Ruppert, Dr. J. N. West, A. P. W. Kinnan, Simeon Ford, George G. Stow, Frederick G. Bourne, Harry E. Buermeyer, Walter S. Wilson, Richard Croker, Jr., Wm. McMaster Mills, Arthur McAleenan, G. B. Winthrop, F. F. Proctor, Judge Leicester Holme, Robert M. Thompson, Albert E.

Colfax, Martin S. Paine, Wm. H. Seich, George T. Montgomery, Fred. R. Fortmeyer, Edward W. Kearney, Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, George Ehret, Jr., James W. Hide.

* * * * * * *

Among the many letters Mike received after the testimonial was one from an old and notable Harvard athlete:

"My dear Mike:

"I cannot tell you how glad I was that all went so well to-night, and I congratulate you with all my heart! May you be ever increasingly happy in your Professorship Emeritus, and in the enjoyment of your pension! And may we see you constantly at the club! With every good wish, I am,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"Evert Jansen Wendell."

* * * * * * *

One of the prominent sporting writers on a Metropolitan daily, in commenting on the testimonial, remarked that it was the most stunning tribute the boxing game had received in many a day. All the papers displayed most flattering notices of the occasion. They rejoiced that a man so worthy had received such a tribute from the most prominent athletic body of men in the world.

Walter St. Denis, in the New York *Globe,* said:

"We started off by telling what a great uplift for

the manly art this splendid show of appreciation by the New York Athletic Club will be. And why not? When the greatest athletic club in the world pays such a tribute to an exponent of the prize ring is it not a boost, tremendous, for the sport that holds kings, ex-presidents, millionaires, captains of industry, and just plain fellows like you and me in its sway? It proves well that a lad can enter the boxing profession, fight real ring battles, and still maintain his position in society. There is not a member of New York's swellest athletic club who is not proud of the fact that he has been clouted by the same fists that pushed a padded glove into the face of a President of the United States—right in the White House, too.

"Donovan's service to the New York Athletic Club during the years that he has been boxing instructor simply cannot be estimated. Think of the stomachs that Mike has 'straightened out'; the rheumatism and other ills that he has chased away; the ruddy glow of health he has put into dozens—yes, hundreds—of faces; the paunches that he has cut away; the business cares that he has thumped out of all manner of hard workers—these are a few of the things that Mike Donovan, with his personality and his splendid boxing, has accomplished for the individual members of the greatest athletic club of America.

"From the first time that he put up his hands right down to the present moment Mike Donovan's

career has been an honorable one in all ways. Every time that Mike went into the ring the other fellow fought just as hard as Donovan could make him fight, and yet his anxiety to win never once caused Mike to commit a foul. A cleaner liver than this Donovan person never breathed."

CHAPTER XVII

DONOVAN'S DEATH AND FUNERAL

MICHAEL JOSEPH DONOVAN died March 24, 1918, in St. Francis Hospital, New York City, after an illness of two weeks. While giving physical instruction to soldiers in the various cantonments in the East he contracted a cold which even his marvelous physique could not withstand.

Donovan's funeral was described by Frank O'Neill in the New York *World* of March 28, 1918, as follows:

"While the bugle corps of the First Field Artillery sounded taps, and a volley of rifle fire awoke the echoes, all that was mortal of Mike Donovan was laid at rest in St. Raymond's Cemetery yesterday. Full military honors were accorded to the once mighty warrior, who won more lasting fame and glory as a soldier of America than as the great Mike Donovan of the roped arena.

"Every wish of the deceased was complied with. He was buried in his blue uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic. His medals and orders were pinned to his breast, and his sword was placed

at his right hand. The Stars and Stripes, which he followed from Atlanta to the Sea, were draped across his casket. So shall he rest until the last reveille is sounded.

"Men from every walk of life gathered at the Donovan home to pay their final respects to the old champion. Young men whose rugged physique bespoke the athlete rubbed shoulders with the slightly built bank clerk. The judiciary and the military, the captain of industry, and men from the realm of sport all met upon equal ground. They spoke in whispers, not of Donovan, the fighter, but of Michael Donovan, the man, the friend of former Presidents, the soldier, and the humanitarian.

"Theodore Roosevelt, a former boxing pupil of Donovan's, telegraphed his regret at being unable to attend the funeral.

"An endless stream of sober-faced men and women wended their way in and out of the Donovan home all morning.

"There were many pathetic scenes when the moment came for the family to bid adieu to their father, but hearts were wrung when Arthur, youngest son, now wearing the olive drab of his country, bent over the casket. The big, broad-shouldered youth, who has faced the gloves of the best middleweights in the ring and who is ready to face the shrapnel fire overseas, could not smother his grief. He collapsed and was led away weeping like a child.

"The New York Athletic Club, where Donovan was instructor of boxing for more than a score of years, was well represented. W. H. Page, one-time president of the club; Harry Buermeyer, Matt Halpin, ex-Judge Jeremiah Mahoney, Fred Fortmeyer, Alpheus Geer, James Motley, and other prominent members were on hand. Captain J. P. Foley was in command of the military escort. Bill Muldoon, Bill Brown, Jim Pilkington, the former rowing champion; Charley Harvey, John O. Regan of the Metropolitan Rowing Club, and hundreds of other sporting men were there.

"Six members of the First Ward Artillery of the New York State Guard carried the casket and placed it upon an armored motor car, which was draped in the colors. Twelve members of the General Phil Kearney Post of the G. A. R., of which Donovan was a member, preceded the casket. The band of the First Field Artillery led the cortége to the church.

"Mike Donovan was an American. In his youth he faced the fire of the Confederate forces that his country should live undivided. When this war broke out he immediately took up recruiting work. He helped in organizing the new First Field Artillery, which has taken the place of the old regiment, now known as the 104th Field Artillery. He instructed the young men in the First in boxing, and it was after a session with the gloves that he contracted pneumonia, which resulted in his death.

"He enlisted in the 71st Infantry of Illinois at the outbreak of the Civil War, and was soon hurled into the maelstrom of battle. He was at Antietam, was in at the fall of Vicksburg, fought with the famous Irish Brigade at Gettysburg, and then was one of the army that marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. He was in practically every one of the dozen or more pitched battles around Atlanta, and was in the assault on Fort McAllister on the Ogeechee River, near Savannah."

APPENDIX

DONOVAN'S RECORD

MIKE DONOVAN engaged in so many fights both with the gloves and also with the bare knuckles that it is a difficult task to recount them all. The following record will suffice to show the reader about the number the Professor fought:

At St. Louis, in July, 1866, met Billy Crowley with bare knuckles; 92 rounds; 3 hours 15 minutes. Donovan lost on a foul.

At St. Louis, in July, 1866, met Mike Conroy, prize ring rules; 62 rounds; 2 hours 9 minutes. Donovan won.

At St. Louis, in the same year, met Patsy Curtin, with gloves; 5 rounds. Donovan won.

At Memphis, Tenn., 1866, met Jim Conroy, weighing 175 pounds, with bare knuckles. Donovan won.

At Chicago, in 1867, met Pat McDermott, 185 pounds, with gloves; 4 rounds. Donovan won.

At Chicago, in 1867, met Dan Carr, 160 pounds, in a room, with bare knuckles; 1 round. Donovan won.

At Grand Haven, Mich., in 1868, met Pat Kelly,

175 pounds, with bare knuckles; 7 rounds; 14 minutes. Donovan won.

At (near) Indianapolis, Ind., in January, 1869, met John Boyne, with bare knuckles (Boyne was a heavyweight); 23 rounds; 33 minutes. Donovan won. Mike tells of this fight in his reminiscences. It had some peculiar and interesting features.

At New York City, at Harry Hill's, in 1872, Donovan won from the following, with gloves: Jack Curtin, in 2 rounds; Jordan, in 3 rounds; Teddy Leary, in 3 rounds.

At New York City, in a room, he won from Jack Lawrence in 2 rounds.

At New York City, in a room, he won from Byron McNeill in 3 rounds.

At Philadelphia, in 1873, met Jim Murray, with bare knuckles; 44 rounds; 1 hour 5 minutes. Police stopped the fight. A draw.

At Philadelphia, in 1873, met Langham, with the gloves; 4 rounds. Bested him in 3 rounds. He was an Englishman, from Liverpool.

At Philadelphia, in 1873, at the Eleventh Street Boxing Club, met Pete Hogan, with the gloves; 4 rounds. Donovan won.

At Philadelphia, same year and place, met Smith, a heavyweight; 4 rounds. Donovan won.

At Philadelphia, 1873, met Charlie Burke, with gloves; 4 rounds. Donovan won.

At Troy, N. Y., in 1877, met Dick Liston, with

gloves but rules of the ring; 5 rounds. Donovan won.

In April, 1878, met W. C. McClellan, with two-ounce gloves, rules of the ring; 14 rounds; 55 minutes; for the middleweight championship of America. Donovan lost on a foul.

In May of the same year met McClellan, special rules, with two-ounce gloves; 7 rounds; 17 minutes. Donovan won.

In August of the same year went to the Pacific Coast. Met Billy Costello; 2 rounds. Donovan won. At Virginia City, Nevada.

At San Francisco met George Crockett, 195 pounds; 2 rounds. Donovan won.

At San Francisco met W. C. McClellan, rules of the ring, with two-ounce gloves; 96 rounds; 3 hours 48 minutes. Draw. In August, 1879.

At Sacramento, Cal., met George Smith, 190 pounds, with gloves. Donovan won in 3 rounds. Smith had recently challenged John J. Dwyer, the heavyweight champion of America, to fight for the championship. That fight never came off, as Donovan, who was a middleweight, had defeated him.

At Boston, in 1880, met John L. Sullivan in an exhibition bout. It turned out to be a regular fight; 4 rounds. Honors were even at the finish. Sullivan weighed over 180 pounds. Donovan less than 155 pounds.

In 1880 met Ed. McGlenchy, with gloves; 5 rounds. Draw.

Same year they met again, and Donovan bested him in 3 rounds.

Same year they met for the third time at Madison Square Garden. Donovan again bested him in 3 rounds.

At Boston, on March 21, 1881, at the Music Hall, met John L. Sullivan for the second time. This affair did not add to Sullivan's popularity in Boston. It was an unsatisfactory exhibition of boxing. Sullivan employed tactics that should not be allowed in the ring. Mike won easily on points. Sullivan weighed 200 pounds; Mike weighed less than 156 pounds.

At New York, in March, 1881, met George Rourke, in Terrace Garden. Bout stopped at the end of the third round by the police. It was scheduled for four rounds. Donovan won on the newspaper decision.

At New York, in fall of the same year, met Rourke for the second time, at Madison Square Garden; 4 rounds, Queensberry rules. At the end of three rounds Rourke walked off the stage. He used London Prize Ring rules after he had been going a short time.

At New York, in August, 1882, at the American Institute, met Jack Davis, of England, 196 pounds, with gloves. Police stopped the bout at the end of the third round.

At Philadelphia, in 1884, met Jack Welsh, 185 pounds; 4 rounds. Donovan won.

At New York, in October, 1884, met Walter Watson, 180 pounds, at Turn Verein Hall; 7 rounds. Donovan won.

At Williamsburgh, in 1888, met Jack Dempsey; 6 rounds. Donovan won. Dempsey was looked upon as invincible. He was called the "Nonpareil." He was then the middleweight champion.

At New York, in May, 1891, met W. C. McClellan for the fourth and last time, at the Eighth Street Theater, and bested him in 48 seconds, one of the shortest fights on record.

THE END

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